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The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

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SKETCHES OF YANKEE CHARACTER.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE FOUR COLONELS.

JONATHAN TRUMBULL, the noble Revolutionary governor of Connecticut, had three distinguished sons: Joseph, first commissary-general of the United States, a most faithful and patriotic man, who early sunk under the perplexing cares and titanic labors of his office; Jonathan, for some time secretary and aid to General Washington, and for eleven years governor of the state; and Colonel John Trumbull, the painter, who also acted as aid to Washington. He was with him at the time of the discovery of the treachery of Arnold, and I have often heard my father refer to his account of the way in which the commander-in-chief received the astounding tidings. He stood for a moment, Colonel Trumbull said, as though petrified—his very lips became rigid; then he ground out between his set teeth some certain words, which were neither dainty nor devout, which in fact savored more of the camp than the closet. Yet from *him*, the Colonel added, they were full of power and authority; they had all the awfulness of a Hebrew curse; they had in them the ring of prophecy and the weight of doom.

Col. Trumbull did not spend much time in his native place, after the Revolution. He had married, while abroad, the pretty young widow of an English officer, who had served in India; and she, it was said, thought the old town a little dull after London and Calcutta—which was thought unreasonable on her part and savoring of frivolity.

The Colonel superintended the erection of a monumental column over the Trumbull family-vault; and, when it was set in its place, moved by a fine poetic impulse, he caught up the mason's hammer and struck off the elaborately-carved capital, which act gave good commonplace people the impression that his own headpiece was a little cracked. At that day the pathetic broken column, seen now in so many cemeteries, was quite unknown in monumental sculpture.

John Trumbull, though he has left some excellent portraits, seems hardly to have earned the great name of artist. He was a painter. His more ambitious efforts derive all their value and dignity from their subjects; they have doubtless the merit of a rough fidelity. Of some of his historic scenes the painter could say "*quorum pars fui*"; but, aside from the "Signing of the Declaration," which, with all its stiffness, is an imposing and a most impressive group, his big pictures seem to me very unpicturesque and unsatisfactory performances. He certainly painted some of the weakest heads, the stoutest wooden legs, the most dropsical hands, and (Heaven forgive him!) the most atrocious horses ever put upon canvas. But he was a kindly, gallant, and courtly gentleman; and if he had lived less for his country and more for art he might have been a great painter. He needed, perhaps, to go to Rome, and reverently study the old masters; he needed more to go into the fields, and reverently study horse-flesh.

In the same churchyard with the Trumbull tomb is that of the Williams family, in which repose the remains of Colonel William Williams, a member of the First Congress, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Colonel Williams was a man of marked character—upright, brave, ardent; a faithful servant of the people through long, toilsome years, yet never growing rich in that service; "a man of antique virtues and fidelity." Is not the type nearly extinct? He was religious without austerity, and benevolent without ostentation. Being singularly soft-hearted, he often sought to cloak his noble weakness under a brusque, hard manner. Once, when a poor woman, a stranger, applying to him for help, was bluffed off by this manner, and hastily left his house, he seemed, at first, highly indignant at being taken so literally; then he sent after her, in hot haste; and, when she returned, wondering, entertained her most generously. The outside of the man was rough, but the inside *cor cordium*; the very kernel of the Colonel was sweet, and rich, and wholesome.

Col. Williams was the nephew of the Rev. John Williams, of Deerfield, Mass., whose little daughter, Eunice, was carried away by the Indians in 1704. At his house, and that of his brother, Dr. Williams, there sometimes visited, in the early part of this century, a very interesting young man, said to be the great-grandson of the lost Eunice. That stray lamb of the good minister's flock, so long agonized over and prayed for, when discovered, was found to be a Catholic, and so continued to her death; so there was naturally great rejoicing over her half-breed descendant, rescued both from barbarism and Romanism, like a brand burned at both ends. He was being educated for the Protestant ministry under Dr. Welch, of Mansfield, and his name was Eleazur Williams. But of him hereafter.

Another Revolutionary worthy of Lebanon was Colonel James Clark, in some respects the "noblest Roman of them all," though he never attained to great honor or high position; and few there are to keep his memory green or to care for the spot where the grand old soldier is taking his rest.

Colonel Clark joined the army on the first outbreak of the Revolution, fought at the battle of Bunker Hill and right through to the end of the war, though he was obliged to sacrifice most important personal interests, and to leave a large, young family, in whose training and education he was deeply interested, almost wholly to the care of his wife, a heroic woman, who never said "stay," though her hands sometimes failed and her heart came near to breaking under her double burden of toils and anxieties.

A singularly tragical domestic life was that of my great-uncle. During one of his brief visits to his home, while engaged in repairing the curb of a well, which he had removed for the purpose, he was called into the house, on important business, leaving the well uncovered. Only a few moments; but time enough to inaugurate a life-long, bitter regret. The youngest child, a beautiful little boy, was missed; and, after a short, frantic search, was drawn up from the well, quite dead! A few years later, another son, a fine lad, just fitted for college, fell through the ice of the "North Pond," while skating, and was drowned. This was a fearful stroke; yet the brave father still fought on.

One summer day, after many months' absence in the army, the Colonel found himself nearing his home, his thoughts strangely divided between joy and sadness—his living and his dead. He was weary and travel-stained, for he had ridden, with little rest, from Cambridge, bearing dispatches from General Washington to Governor Trumbull. As he ascended the hill by the old graveyard, he pushed his horse hard, meaning only to leave his dispatches at the War Office, and gallop on to his house. But in that yard he perceived a group of his neighbors, standing round an open grave. Hurried as he was, his tender, sympathetic heart would not suffer him to go on. He dismounted, entered the gate, and with bared head approached the grave. No one spoke to him; but all gave way, and the sad offices were suspended. He drew nearer—he looked down into the grave, and saw two little coffins, side by side—and the next instant he recognized, in a veiled and weeping figure tottering toward him, his wife! He clasped her, he clung to her trembling and swaying as the great, sudden wave of terror and agony burst over him. Somehow, he questioned her, and heard her say: "O, my husband! our two little girls, both in one day!"

Yet still he fought on.

One son they had of a peculiarly nervous and delicate organization, yet who early showed a passion for military affairs. Hoping to harden him by camp-life, to make a man of him, the Colonel took him to the army. But the poor boy's initiation was too much for him. By his father's side he went through a hot engagement, never flinching, though he was very white and silent. The next day it was discovered that his hearing had been injured by the roar of artillery, and very soon after that the nervous shock had seriously affected his brain—that, in fact, the fine, delicate mind of the lad was hopelessly shattered. This was the heaviest of the griefs laid on the devoted heart of that father; yet, when the war was over, he went home only to new sorrow and loss. His only remaining daughter, a lovely young girl, faded away with consumption; and, after a few years, his eldest son, the only one with a family, died of the same malady; the mother of his children, and a good woman who succeeded her, were taken from him; finally, all were gone, except, I believe, several grand-children, with one of whom he lived till he went to join his darlings. Yet he maintained through all the brave, cheerful, submissive spirit of the true Christian soldier, marching steadily down into his widowed and childless old age. All was not gone; for honor remained, and hope.

He was singularly handsome still; erect, graceful, alert, with unconquerable spirit in his bearing. He retained his remarkable vigor, mental and physical, to a great age. His old war-horse, a beautiful animal, powerfully built and snowy white, seemed to share in his vitality and almost kept pace with him in length of days. It was as though he had drunk of some equine fountain of youth. When the Colonel was eighty years of age, he would mount this horse from the ground, for his daily airing, whatever the weather, and always start off at a round gallop. In his loneliness he clung to this noble animal with a touching affection. They were fast friends always. I cannot think of them as utterly separated now. I cannot think but that the faithful creature which had swam many a swollen stream, bearing his master, breasted safely the dark river, and found a place somewhere among "the pleasant pastures" on the other side, there to await that master's coming.

During the war of 1812, a British ship menaced New London. The demonstration was meant as a scare, and as such was tolerably successful. Our dear old Colonel heard the firing, and his blood was up, and so was that of his horse. They galloped down to New London, to put a stop to such high-handed proceedings, going at once to the beach to take an observation of the saucy craft. Presently a cannon-shot ploughed up the sand at old Whitey's feet. He never winced; but his master said he considered it a gentle hint to leave, and he left—but not before he had dismounted and secured the ball. It was his last military trophy.

When the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument was laid, Col. Clark was invited to be present, and was the recipient of many honors and attentions from the patriotic citizens of Boston. So many locks of his beautiful silvery hair were begged of him as keepsakes by the ladies that he said, laughingly, that if he had staid a week longer he should have been compelled to buy a wig in Boston town. There was more than capillary attraction about the brave old octogenarian. His eye was bright with the joy and hope of the Christian patriot; his smile was sweet and gracious, the distillation of a pure and noble life; his manner was gallant and cheery, touched with the stately grace of the olden time.

A few years later the old soldier died as bravely as he had lived, and was gathered to his children.

I have often heard my father refer most affectionately to another relative, his uncle by marriage, Colonel Davenport, of Stamford; the "Abraham Davenport" of one of Whittier's noblest poems, and the grandson of Rev. John Davenport, the distinguished minister of New Haven, the brave friend and protector of the regicide judges.

Col. Davenport was distinguished for talent, culture, grace of manner, and that most rare and admirable good sense which on great occasions and in sudden emergencies shows itself as wisdom and masterly sagacity.

"Stamford sent up to the councils of the state Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport."

He was in his seat in the legislature, at Hartford, on the occasion of that mysterious perturbation of Nature—that uncalculated and irregular eclipse of the sun, or whatever it was—which gave to the 19th of May, 1780, the name of "The Dark Day." With the strange darkness an awful silence and dread fell upon the busy, flowery earth. Birds hushed their songs, and barn-yard fowls went to roost—doubtless speculating curiously on the new fashion of short days that was coming in. All work was suspended, all play ceased; schools were dismissed, and school-children stole homeward for once in decorous quiet. Through houses, factories, courts, and along the street ran the fearful murmur, "It is the day of judgment, coming in clouds and darkness." Even into the august legislature it crept, and the hearts of honorable members shook with the common terror. An adjournment was moved; and this brought Abraham Davenport to his feet. With a voice clear and steady, having in its tones a slight touch of the quaint humor and shrewdness peculiar to him, he said: "I am against an adjournment. The day of judgment is either at hand, or it is *not*. If it is not, there is no cause for adjournment; if it is, I, for one, choose to be found at my post, doing my duty. I move that candles be brought, and we go on with the business before us."

His brave counsel prevailed. Candles were brought, and helped to keep up the spirits of the legislators, till the mysterious darkness passed away; till solemn fears subsided, and stock in all worldly concerns went up; till children took up their play, and birds their interrupted songs, and the hum of household and factory went on; till bewildered fowls came down from their roosts, and frightened transgressors came up from their knees, and took to scratching and sinning as comfortably as though nothing had happened.

It is related of Abraham Davenport that, when oppressed by the first painful symptoms of his last illness, he, as chief-justice of the Common Pleas, heard a large part of an important trial, and gave his charge to the jury. From the bench, he went that night to his death-bed. This reminds one of the closing scene in the noble life of Mr. Justice Talfourd.

My father, who only in his childhood knew his uncle, remembered him less for his "wisdom and grace" than for the remarkably liberal way in which he bestowed bright sixpences and even shillings on his young nephews. In his latter years the Colonel was very stout, and had somewhat of Falstaff's difficulty in contemplating his "own knee"; so he liked to have the great silver buckles of his shoes fastened by other hands than his own. He would emerge from his chamber in the morning, and call out cheerily to my father, "One, two, buckle my shoe!" And the little lad would kneel as proudly to perform the service as ever hero knelt to receive the stroke of knighthood. And it was no empty honor—the shining silver piece was sure to follow. Indeed, my father regarded his stout uncle as a far greater man than Governor Trumbull, who was lean enough to buckle his own shoes. There is a vast deal of human nature in boys; and Colonel Abraham Davenport was a man whom the schoolboys of Thackeray and Dickens would have adored, for he not only "tipped" a fellow royally, but was free and easy with him and with all young people. As a boy collegian once said of Daniel Webster, after the great statesman had paid a visit to his college, "He was hearty and natural—as simple as the simplest man alive. A fellow didn't think of his dignity, and genius, and greatness, and all that, you know, till afterward. I tell you, it was Jove, in a pea-jacket."

LIFE IN THE CITY AND IN THE COUNTRY.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

WIDELY regarded as an unreasonable and inconsistent contemner of migration to cities, especially to New York, I would fain be more correctly understood. I let my consistency take care of itself, though it be the fact that my home is, and for sixteen years has been, on a farm in the rural township of Newcastle, Westchester County, N. Y., where I spend all my leisure and some of my working hours, mean to spend more and more yearly, and hope to close my eyes in death. Let that pass, however; and let us attend to a matter of wider and graver consequence.

Understand that I fully concede the right of every rational adult to live just where he or she will, provided that this does not involve a resort to crime or beggary. If you think you can do better here or elsewhere, come and go as you may see fit. But do so in full view of these following facts:

I. There is now, as there almost ever is, an immense surplus of unemployed capacity in this city, and I presume in most cities. Men and women, young and older, are ever pacing the stony sidewalks of our streets, looking anxiously for "something to do." I judge, from what I have seen and heard, that there are never so few as ten thousand persons seeking employment in New York; while in Winter the number is swelled to many scores of thousands. I estimate that there are at this moment Half a *Million* persons within sight of our City's steeples who are hungry and destitute because they (or their parents) can find nothing to do.

II. Certain favorite pursuits are always overstocked. The demand for book-keepers, clerks, music-teachers, copyists, governesses, and other employés in vocations ranked more intellectual than mere manual labor, is always far short of the supply. So many aspiring, sanguine young men are eager to gain a foothold here on any terms, that they inevitably underwork each other, to their general, inevitable loss. I cannot doubt that, if A. T. Stewart should advertise for clerks at $100 per annum and board, he would have five thousand applicants before the week's end. And so of copying and music-teaching.

III. Labor is inevitably degraded by this incessant scramble for places. I am a lifelong worker for others, as well as a buyer of others' work; and I insist on standing on the same plane with those employ and those who employ me. If my money is not worth their work, if my work is not worth their money, I choose not to trade. If I do my work well, if I pay fully and promptly for the work I buy from others, I hold that I should be kindly regarded by the other party to the bargain, as I regard him if he does right by me; but I am under no more obligation to him who buys my work with his money than to him who buys my money with his work. The obligation in either case is reciprocal and equal, and neither party owes a special obeisance to the other.

But the scramble for place in the cities subverts this natural and healthful relation of employer and employed. The man who begs me to give him something—anything—to do, whereby he may win bread for his famishing babes, approaches me not as a manly, free-souled worker, but as a snivelling mendicant. He cannot afford to tell me that the work I require of him is too hard, or too poorly paid, or inconsistent with nobleness of soul. He must earn the greenbacks I fling him, in half-contemptuous charity, by any conceivable abasement, and be thankful that it is not made more bitter. He has abdicated manhood, and donned the badge of serfdom, by choosing to work where he is not wanted, rather than where he is.

For there is work enough for every one who will seek it where it is, rather than where it is not. He who has not provided beforehand for the inclement season now upon us may, indeed, have difficulty in finding work just now; but no one who takes hold with alacrity of whatever comes to hand, and keeps a keen lookout for chances ahead, ever need be a month idle. The trouble is that more persons insist on living by trade, by literature, or in some other way that involves little manual effort, than it has pleased God to accord such employment as accords with their fastidious tastes; so that one of them can only find the work he desires by taking it from some one else. If those who now beg for places in the cities were gratified, nearly as many who are now at work must be turned out to starve.

IV. The great cities are full of temptations to evil courses which are scarcely found outside of their limits. Men sin and suffer everywhere; but only in cities do they make a gainful trade of others' debasement and ruin. But here tens of thousands live by pandering to others' vices, and of course seek to diffuse and aggravate the debaucheries which minister to their comfort, luxury, and peculiary profit. They spread nets for the unwary, and grow rich by others' perdition. And the needy, desperate thousands in eager quest of "something to do" are their natural prey. Many a one becomes their accomplice and victim under the pressure of absolute want. "My poverty but not my will consents" is their miserable apology for enlisting in the service of Satan, when they could never have so far fallen had they remained among the friends of their childhood. Having recklessly run into temptation, they now make that temptation their excuse for vice and crime.

V. The supposed excess of wages in cities is fallacious and misleading. The inevitable cost of living in cities, especially in this one, is far higher than is or well can be realized in the country. A family of four persons can hardly live decently in less than three rooms; and the rent of three tolerable rooms here would absorb the entire wages of an average mechanic in the country. When everything eaten, drank (except water), or worn, must be bought piecemeal at high prices, the cost of living becomes enormous, and saving by men of family very difficult. Our mechanics who are single and have themselves only to support ought to deposit at least a third of their wages in some savings-bank each pay-day, though very few of them do so; the great majority choosing to spend their surplus earnings at gaming-tables, in groggshops, billiard-saloons, theaters, and dens of shameful lust. *They* might save, but do not; those who have families to support rarely do better than to pay their way. Only very able, very energetic, or very frugal persons, save money in a great city.

—Country friends, and especially young men, I give you facts as I have long observed and studied them. I tell you frankly that my interest in your action thereon is partly selfish; for my soul is weary of these incessant appeals for "something to do," or, that failing, for alms. There must, there will be beggars; but need *you* be beggars? Even if you must, I wish it were in your hearts to stay where beggars are not so enormously superabundant as here. I often respond rudely, harshly, to their solicitations, because I cannot help it. Worn out by appeals to which I am utterly unable to respond—denied opportunity to earn my own bread by this endless procession of beggars—I often speak more roughly than I should, because my patience is utterly exhausted. I am not as poor as Lazarus, still less am I as rich as Dives; but I fully sympathize with the latter in so far as he is represented as wishing in Hades to send a messenger to his brethren still on earth, to entreat them not to "come into this torment." More favored than he, my prayer is not refused; and this is my message to my brethren.

A WOMAN'S LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON.

JANUARY, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

To hear the carriages rolling by on Cabinet day; to know that it is part of your mortal business to go forth and make conventional visits;—to remember that even THE INDEPENDENT is not unwilling to hear how the dames of the Capital look and act; yet not to stir, to go on reading a book—that's what ——— calls "impractical." I like my own way sometimes; when I like it very much, I must have it. So you must be good, and refrain from sending me a mild lecture, with the announcement that you don't pay me to write about books. I wish you did. They are pleasanter than people, on the whole. They don't pick at you; they don't lie about you; they don't deceive you; they don't disappoint you. They lie open to you, no more, no less than they seem. If in their silent mirror you catch a faint suggestion of yourself, you can cry out, "O isn't that exactly like so and so?" and the amiable book says not "Nay." Somebody has said that each human being is a distinct thought of God; so but a reflection of this thought is a book fresh from a human soul, thrilling and throbbing with human life. Posy said: "Read this book. I am reading it." She said: "Write about this book." I am writing about it. If you are vexed, INDEPENDENT, preach to Posy. Here let me tell you I don't take kindly to being a Jenkins. It's of no earthly interest to me that Mrs. Frizzledie's bony neck perks above a velvet frock, nor that Goossie Pallee has grown *passé* in virgin tulle. Dress as a fine art must ever be a delight to esthetic eyes; but to be forever shuffling the small coin of Jenkins adjectives over it "Mrs. Pinnacle was brilliant, beautiful, affable, accomplished, and overcoming, in an orange moire, trimmed with folds of white satin. Mrs. Vulgarity was even more so, in emerald velvet, point lace, and diamonds") is fearfully small business for an immortal soul. Nothing but the curse of the want of money could induce said soul thus to occupy its immortal powers. This moment, in Mrs. Secretary's parlor, crowds of ladies, with faultless gloves and card-cases, are courtesying, bowing, and beaming, and exchanging their poor little ragged currency of chatter: "Such lovely weather!" "But we've had such a spell!" "You are looking charming; but you are thin." "Were you at General Hunter's, last night? So brilliant! Mrs. Evarts has issued cards. Shall see you there? Good-morning." Making way for another bevy, in "stand-alone" silks, who recommence: "So delighted to see you!" "Lovely weather!" "Such a spell!" etc., etc. In my book I have the opposite extreme of conversation. Here all the women are conversing in the most astonishing manner. Even the peasant, Walpurga, drops nothing but aphorisms into the cradle of the baby-prince. Then picture a young lady, in the very breath in which she rejects the hand of a suitor, boring him with a dissuisition on the "transmigration of souls" and "the trail of civilization." It was as good as a cold douche. Though he had been on his knees to her five minutes before, by the time she had come to the end of her first period, he was declaring to himself that she was "an unspeakably fatiguing woman, and was glad that she had refused him." But then *he* was "a coxcomb!" In a land where the women of the poor are yoked together with oxen to plough in the field, while the women of rank study Kant and Spinoza, it may not be remarkable that the latter converse in this transcendent style; but it is rather strange that the woman whose daily companion is a brute should be equally subtle and wise. Women don't talk like that in this country, unless they do at "Sorosis," and in Boston, after Mrs. Howe has read one of her metaphysical essays to an elect circle. But, if the mass aimed to maintain a happy medium of intelligence in talk, though Kant and Spinoza remained unattained in the clouds, we should yet be considerably more interesting to sensible people than we are now.

Madame de Stael says that the domain of the German is in the air. Thus "On the Heights," by Berthold Auerbach, could only be what it is—a German book. The essence of German speculation is concentrated in its pages. Music, the drama, science, political economy, as well as the profoundest phases of human experience, are discussed here. The author is so burdened with thought that he puts the deepest utterances in the mouth of every character. Whether it be the king or Hansel, the queen or the peasant grandmother, each discourses of the deep things of time and of eternity. Yet, strange to say, the subtle outlines of each individual nature never collide. The queen is always the queen, and Walpurga, in spite of metaphysics, a child of Nature from the beginning of the book to the end. It is purer in spirit than William Meister or the Elective Affinities, it is plainer than Titan, yet recalls each one. Without the mysticism of Goethe or the verbiage of Jean Paul on every page, one sees the impress of these great thinkers on the mind of Auerbach. The personal affection for Goethe which always characterizes the cultivated German is evinced alike in the "Journal of the Solitary Worlding" and the letter of the queen. The queen in her palace and Irma in her hut remembered with love the birthday of Goethe. We seldom see a book with the same scope of purpose so accurate in minutiæ. The modern novel, attempting to depict deep passions, is generally sketchy and fragmentary—often a succession of powerful dabs and dashes, and no more. In this its Flemish 2delity to detail leaves pictures in the memory which must last forever. What an exquisite touch of Nature is that where the queen and the peasant woman, through the supreme pain and joy of their motherhood, kiss each other in the darkened room, all outward conditions forgotten in the womanhood which made them one.

"It is worth the labor," saith Plotinus, "to consider well of love whether it be a god or a divill, or passion of the minde, or partly god, partly divill, partly passion." Novelists do little else but consider love; and, if we are to judge by the result of their conclusions, it is usually not at all a god, but only a "divill." Who can count the young souls led astray by the modern sensational novel, in which vice is made more beautiful than virtue, wherein love morbid and forbidden is made the only love worth desiring, though it be bought at the price of honor, reputation, the soul itself. "On the Heights" depicts love in its obliquity from virtue; but not for the sake of depicting it. It makes such a love not alluring, but terrible; for it follows it out to the extremity of its bitter punishment. It is not Irma's brief pleasure-day in the palace which makes the deepest impression; it is her heavy retribution. Yet we follow her along the path of expiation with a perpetual protest. Not that she repents of her sin and forsakes it; but that so grand and sweet a soul should pass away without once gathering the legitimate fruit of human joy—that one so dowered in rich gifts should miss forever the power of giving, because she had lavished and wasted all on one. In her love she is a weak woman; in her renunciation she is a great character. She renounced not love alone, but also the life of her highest faculties. A soul less intensely strung, despite remorse, would have still lived on, in music, in art, in action. But when such a nature as hers sins against its own perception of purity, it wounds itself past healing and dies of the wound. Life is just as rich in its manifold gifts; but for this soul, perishing of mortal hurt, it has nothing left. Such was Irma. One of the most remarkable characteristics of her Journal of a Solitary Worldling is its freedom from all weak repining, from that selfpity so natural to women, from that outcry of longing for the man renounced yet no less beloved, for that imperative assertion of the heart which is not only womanish but human. Its most positive quality is its intellectual assurance of final victory. To one who could have fallen only through her affections, could only attain to such strength through the clearness and power of her moral perceptions, even to her physical death was the cost of spiritual freedom. It is such a melancholy book, I am not certain but it would have been better to have gone to Mrs. Secretary's, and talked about the weather. Were it not better if the lives of such women as Irma were never written? It is sad enough that they live. The tragedy of human life, unchanged and unchangeable, goes on through every age. One can only marvel at the audacity which, under a million guises, attempts to tell it. It is never told, though it must be lived. It would be folly to lament the fate of Irma, if she existed only in the pages of a novel. She is only one of the thousands who live in every page of history, whose mournful eyes look down the ages through the bars of convents, and from their solitudes of contrition or despair—women both weak and sublime in their love. Most of us have known an Irma—some woman born for all bright things, yet abiding in perpetual shadow. A single error, an inherited fate, a curse which she could not control, may have darkened all her way to the grave. It is granted to few to await their salvation alone on the mountain-tops. There are Irmas who must renounce or perish amidst the pomp of the glory of the world, while the music of temptation still rings sweet in their souls. To such comes the utmost test of victory. There is no sadder sight in this world than a human being wrecked in its individual life, in the life perhaps which should have been its highest joy. We see fewer such men than women; not because men suffer less under an equal strain, but because the world always opens to men a refuge from themselves, in which they may learn indifference if not forgetfulness. But the woman who risks all and loses all through her affections has no refuge and no appeal in this world. The fact that she has so loved and lost proves her to be powerless to rise to that hight where she may be happy in outward achievement, where she may exist on, a pure intellectual force in the world. And yet even for such remains the rarest sweetness of life—the sweetness of *giving*. Who else so fit to bind up the broken-hearted, and lift up those who fall?

M. C. A.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

BY REV. RAY PALMER, D.D.

THE increased attention to speculative philosophy in our highest institutions of learning is one of the most hopeful indications of progress in matters pertaining to education. The popular notion that psychology and intellectual and moral science are fit only to exercise the acuteness of secluded students, and are of no great value to those engaged in the practical affairs of life, is simply one of the proofs, of which there are so many, of the want of thinking or of the superficial thinking that prevails. Metaphysical philosophy, in its several departments, has to do with the first principles of knowledge. The nature of mind, its relation to matter, the origin of its knowledge, the laws of its action, the conditions of its development, and the authority of reason and conscience—these, certainly, are among the most practical and vital subjects of inquiry. Without a sound philosophy in relation to these things the direction of ordinary business must be wholly empirical, and, of course, uncertain in its results. It may do occasionally to point a joke at the expense of men of abstruse studies; but let the joker look to it that he do not venture on this at the expense also of his own reputation for brains. Practical men who are successful, and yet have not been students of metaphysics, are so because they have to a great extent reaped the fruits of the studies of others: they have assumed and acted on the principles which those studies have established.

The thoughtful skepticism of the past and of the present time has well understood what power is revealed in the practical results of speculative philosophy. It has been a favorite method of unbelief to attempt to put beneath the faith of the Christian world a philosophy which should ultimately work its overthrow. The historical attacks on Christianity have signally failed. The philological attacks have failed. In the domain of metaphysics it now seems easiest for doubt to raise new issues. If a clear, consistent, rational philosophy can be found and shown to underlie our knowledge, including the knowledge of God and spiritual truth, then both our science and our religion will stand on impregnable foundations. Now, when skepticism is disposed to arrogate to itself the philosophical chair, and claims to be in the advance-guard of profound thinkers, there is all the more need that the philosophical studies prescribed in our courses of education should be thorough. In most colleges they have been extremely limited and superficial until a comparatively recent period. Our own recollections of college metaphysics are of galloping over Stewart and Brown at the rate of some forty octavo pages at a lesson—about double the quantity that could well be once carefully read over Soon after this, the writings of Coleridge and Cousin were extensively in the hands of students, especially of students of theology. These sharpened the appetite for metaphysical studies, and awakened new interest in the great questions that have always presented themselves to the acutest minds. The interest so awakened has been in a good degree sustained by the earnest discussions, and it would almost seem exhaustive analyses of the schools of France, Germany, and Scotland, which have filled so many volumes for a generation past. The revival of materialism under the new name of the positive philosophy is not, perhaps, to be regarded as a reaction against the progress of a true philosophy so much as a protest against the extremes of the *a priori* speculations of the Germans. Wholly inadequate as a complete philosophy, it is helping to advance thought in the right direction by the searching discussions it has occasioned. It would be most unfortunate, did not the standard of college study rise in proportion to the activity and the advance of philosophical inquiry; especially in the old institutions, to which, in these days of superficial experiments, we must look for broad and thorough scholarship.

If any proof were needed that Yale, while happily conservative where that is a virtue, is keeping up with the progress of philosophical inquiry, the able work of Prof. Porter, recently noticed by Dr. McCosh, in THE INDEPENDENT, places this beyond all doubt. A book exhibiting such a comprehensiveness of study and freshness and keenness of discussion could not well have originated in an institution where metaphysical studies were not earnestly pursued. It is refreshing to think of future classes enjoying the advantages of such a text-book and such a teacher. A young man who has mastered this volume, under such circumstances, will, at least, understand the nature and conditions of the problems which a sound philosophy must solve.

We have also another witness to the progress of philosophical inquiry and study in our colleges in a new work on moral science by President Hopkins. This is a complete exposition of his system, as presented in part in a former volume, which was immediately adopted in several colleges as a text-book. Concise and terse in style, this volume exhibits the characteristic subtilty and independence of the author. It surpasses the former volume in clearness of arrangement and in precision and condensation of statement. It is the substance of a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, delivered the last winter. President Hopkins has in this volume distinctly defined the principles and scope of his system, has shown its relation to others, and exhibited its practical applications. Like all Dr. Hopkins's writings, this book is full of strong thought, embodied in language felicitous and easily understood. Its central idea is love. It expounds the "law of love, and love as a law." In the hands of a competent instructor, it will fix the attention of a class on what is most essential and most practical in moral science. Whatever differences of opinion may arise in the thorough criticism of this work, and that of Dr. Porter, it is a matter of thankfulness that two such books should come from the hands of college officers just at the time when there seems to be a special and increasing need of profounder and more enthusiastic study in these departments of knowledge.

Those who receive Christianity as a divine religion—who believe it to be the mother of all virtues, of all pure affections and sentiments, of the noblest aims and efforts, and the most complete well-being that is possible to man—of course, believe that it is in perfect harmony with all true science, whether of matter or mind, and is sure to be advanced to higher degrees of influence by all right thought. Errors always come with ignorance, or pretension, or both. The hope not only of our own country, but of humanity and of the world, is depending on the thorough education of our sons and daughters in those studies which relate to their own being, and the conditions and responsibilities under which they are to act. Such signs of progress in this direction as those to which we have referred are to be noted with a hearty satisfaction.

HOME EVANGELIZATION IN MASSACHUSETTS.

REV. DANIEL P. NOYES.

THIS movement has met with encouraging success. In some parts of the state, especially in the "hill-country," the "out-districts" are quite numerous. All of these are now engaging the attention of the churches; and in many of them the results of Christian effort have been most gratifying.

For example: There was a small manufacturing village, peopled mostly by foreigners—good mechanics, but intemperate and certainly unreligious. The principal owner of the factory was a man who believed so little in the Bible that he refused to have it taught in the hall—the only place of public assembly in that vicinity; and accordingly the Sunday-school was held for several weeks under the shade of trees. The story is an interesting one; the sum of it is this: In a comparatively short time twelve of the fourteen groggeries which cursed this little village were shut up; intemperance disappeared; all classes were gathered into the Sunday-school and the worshiping congregation; a chapel has been built; a reading-room and library furnish a place of evening resort, both pleasant and profitable; a goodly number of the people have become communicants in a Congregational church, and all have been greatly blessed.

In another locality, embracing a mixed farming and manufacturing population, distant from church, a large part of them living unmindful of the things of the soul and thoughtless of God, a regular congregation has been formed, with prayer-meetings and Sabbath-school; an attractive chapel has been erected, and is well filled; and a genuine renewal of spiritual life has brought out some thirty or forty persons as confessed followers of the Saviour.

On the borders of the state, partly within but largely beyond them, are three communities, made up of peculiar materials, of a kind which it is not worth while to describe too minutely here. Suffice it to say that, if religion is of any virtue and can do any good, it was as much needed in these places probably as anywhere in New England. Moreover, if there are any districts particularly unpromising and discouraging, these were certainly of the number. But there must be some charm in the Gospel to attract and subdue, and some subtle influence that penetrates to the center and inwardly transforms; for in such communities as these the most striking changes have occurred, and persons whose lives had been low and criminal have come into the paths of reverence and love.

In another instance nearly a whole town was mightily shaken; and large numbers—persons of middle age, who have passed the period of life when changes easily occur, men of standing and influence—came into a new knowledge of God, and into habits of devoutness before unknown to them. These examples show what kind of encouragements the work has met.

Such results are a *real success*. Let them be wrought out everywhere, and we should have a transformed society. And there is no reason why they should be limited to a portion of our communities, or to mere fractions of their populations. All men are endowed with spiritual faculties, as well as with gifts of sense and understanding; and there is no reason why they should go on abusing either. It is certainly as wise to seek the improvement of our personal character as of our intelligence. Conversion from evil to good is as normal and healthful a change as a coming out of ignorance into knowledge, and much more important; and communion with God as surely brings the one as a familiarity with nature and man the other. A book of mental philosophy that omits to treat of that improvement of the soul which is known by the names of "regeneration" and "conversion" is more incomplete than if it merely neglected to refer to knowledge and the processes of its acquirement. We should have reason to consider ourselves as partially insane if we failed to recognize either the importance or the practicability of these changes for the better; or imagined that God is any more unwilling to help men into holiness than into science. God always lends the measure of divine aid which is right and best. It is just as reasonable to seek universal godliness as universal education; and it is much more absurd and wicked to neglect the religious than to neglect the educational or the business interests of the people. It is high time that we had come to our senses, and had begun to apply them earnestly to the highest matters.

NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 23d, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

SOME weeks since, the Universal Franchise Association of this District issued a call for a National Woman's Suffrage Convention, which closed its two-days' session Wednesday evening. Delegates and persons interested were present from sixteen or eighteen states; the attendance ranged from four hundred to fifteen hundred; the interest increased to the end, and much thought has been awakened here.

Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing spoke admirably of the demands of the womanly nature and the need of woman's influence. Clara Barton suggested how the work of woman in the war had educated her for other work which she did not before think of. Mrs. Starrett, of Kansas, gave some idea of the feeling in her region. Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony gave their views. Lucretia Mott spoke acceptably, as she always does; and a goodly number besides these took part.

On the afternoon of the second day came up the following resolution as one of a series, most of which were adopted.

"*Resolved*, That, as the partisan cry of a 'white man's government' created the antagonism between the Irishman and the negro, culminating in the fearful riots

The Independent.

JESUS IS MINE.

BY REV. PETER STRYKER, D.D.

Jesus is mine, His hand divine
Upon my head caressing
Softly is laid, and with it said
My Saviour's sweetest blessing.
How tenderly He speaks to me—
As fondly as a mother:
No voice so sweet, no words so meet;
He is my "Elder Brother."

And may I prove my hearty love
In turn to Him who frees us
From sin and death, and gives us breath,
My dear, my loving Jesus?
O let me bring my offering
And lay it down before Him.
With holy praise my voice I'll raise,
Forever I'll adore Him.

With sacred mirth I'll sing on earth
The grace of my dear Saviour;
Long as I live my praise I'll give
For all His love and favor.
Soon in glad song I'll join the throng
Of the redeemed in glory;
I'll wave the palm and sing the psalm,
Repeating the sweet story.

Yes, I'll repeat the story sweet,
The glorious Evangel—
How Jesus died, was crucified—
Unsung by holy angel.
For He is mine, his hand divine
Upon my head caressing
Is softly laid, and with it said
My Saviour's sweetest blessing.

BET'S RELIGION.

BY M. E. W.

Poor old Bet! She was sold away to Texas when she was sixteen; and last year back she came to her Virginia home. She wanted to find her Mammy, who had loved her in her happy childhood, and her brothers and sisters, who had thought her dead so long. A bent, bowed woman, who had seen hard times in cabin and afield, she made the long journey as best she could, with her children clinging around her. "Part de way," said one of her little ones, to me, "we came in ke-ars, and part de way on de water, and part we scrambled along on our feet." All Bet had when she got here were the rags that covered her and her little flock, her two plodding feet, and her two hard hands. All? Nay, she had more! A will that bondage had not broken; a heart that troubles could not break; and a patient, hopeful spirit, that made the darkest places light. When I first saw her, she was gaunt, and thin, and almost as old in appearance as Mammy herself; who, with erect form and smiling face, laughed at the oncoming of her eightieth year.

"Ah! Bet, chile!" said Mammy, for the twentieth time, "I feel like de patriarch Jacob, when he look on de face of Joseph, his son, and his son's sons. He went down to Egypt, honey, to fine his chile; but my chile have come up out of Egypt to de lan' of Canaan, to fine me. Dere's de difference—and a bressed difference too!"

After this climax, the older woman would gaze on the face of the younger, in a sort of rapture, broken by ecstatic 'Bress de Lords!" One day she said:

"Bet, you was a torn-down (wild) gal when you went away. Has you ever got religion, honey?"

"Once I thought I had, Mammy, and I wanted to be baptized; but Marse Tommy objected. So I gin it up, and I'se done forgot it long ago. When my ole man died, and it seemed like all my comfort gone, I tried to get it back; but I'se done forgot it all." And Bet rocked herself to and fro. Presently Mammy said:

"But, honey, don't you ever see Jesus a lookin' and a lookin' at you, till you love him so you want to get right up and fly to him? Don't you ever think how his hands and his feet have got de print o' de nails in 'em now, and how he's a lovin' as jes' as much an more dan we loves each oder?"

"I'se had it once, Mammy," said Bet; "but lately I'se had so much on my mind I'se done forgot. But de name is sweet yet—Jesus! Jesus! When I'm mighty tired, I think 'bout it, sometimes. And dere's dem chil'en, always in mischief. It's hard to keep de satisfaction of things, Mammy!"

Kind friends were found for Bet, and she and her children were helped to a way of earning their living. Homes were provided for the elder children, and the old grandmother relieved Bet of the care of the little ones. One of the boys, who had always worked in the fields, was taken into a family. Rude, uncultivated, and ignorant, he formed a complete contrast to the manner of servants brought up in the house. It was amusing to watch the awe upon his face as he looked at household objects, familiar to most people, but new and strange to him. He would steal about the house on tip-toe, with eyes and mouth wide open, touching this and that thing, and receiving new impressions every day. After infinite pains on the part of the lady of the house, he became a tolerable waiter; but often, when he thought himself unobserved, he would open the door between dining-room and kitchen, and telegraph to the cook in a loud whisper:

"They've taken another plate!"

The quantity of dishes required by "white folks" was a never-failing source of wonder to him, and doubtless of disgust, as to him fell the task of washing them. "Certainly do use a heap!" he would be daily heard to murmur.

But I've strayed away from Bet and her religion. She had been sold when she was a merry, happy girl—sold away from all her friends—that her price might buy the trousseau of her young mistress. She came back in her broken middle age; and the first person after Mammy that she visited was Miss Mary. She hugged her, "took her right in my arms, de darlin'," as she said; and the ready tears came to her eyes when she heard Miss Mary tell her troubles. God's balances are even; and the mistress's life had been darkened as well as the slave's. One fair-haired infant after another had gone from her arms to heaven; and now, widowed and childless, she dwelt in her solitary house. She, too, was poor; and, in one sense, poorer than her old servant, for she could do little to help herself. Her early training and her delicate health alike stood in the way of her earning her own support, and of the accomplishments she had learned in her girlhood she remembered too little to teach any of them.

Bet surprised her friends one day by saying:

"I'm going to live 'long with Miss Mary!"

"But Miss Mary can't pay you much, Bet. I doubt whether she'll be able to give you more than your food. Let her work for herself."

Such a look as came into Bet's black eyes!

"Miss Mary work! La me! She's not fit for it! Ef she'll give me part her bacon an hominy, I'll stay with her. Me and Miss Mary were chil'en togeder."

"But Miss Mary's father sold you, Bet."

"That he did. An' it was right down cruel of old Marse. But didn't Jesus say, 'Father, forgive dem; dey know not what dey do'? *Jesus said dat!*" with emphasis.

"Why, I thought you had forgotten."

"I'se done forgot a great deal dat I ought to 'member, and sometimes 'members what I ought to forget; but I know Jesus would never want me not to stand by Miss Mary."

So the poor handmaid is standing by her mistress. That is Bet's religion.

LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR, AT SURREY CHAPEL.

BY REV. NEWMAN HALL, D.D.

On the last evening of the old year a service of a peculiarly interesting nature was held at Surrey Chapel. It is our custom to announce the names of persons who have applied to the minister for churchmembership and admission to the Lord's Supper. This is done at a full prayer-meeting of the congregation; and, unless objection on the ground of open inconsistency is privately made in the meanwhile, these persons are publicly recognized the following week, by receiving the "right hand of fellowship" from the pastor, together with a card of membership and a book explaining the institutions of the church. Toward the end of the year we generally gather up most of the fruits of the preceding months; for, although there is seldom a month without eight or ten admissions, the number approaches a hundred for the first communion of the new year. Last Thursday it was my privilege thus to welcome seventy-six new members. Some were, of course, persons who were "transferred from other churches," having come to reside in our neighborhood. But these were exceptions. The great majority were persons who now for the first time were confessing Christ. There was so great a variety in the circumstances of their conversion, illustrating so forcibly how the blessing of God attends various modes of operation, that I feel constrained to specify some of them as an encouragement to all Christian workers. I never made it an essential condition of membership that the applicant should give a detail of his religious experience. But, when this is offered willingly, I am glad to hear it; and, when no confidence would be broken and no feelings pained, I mention to the congregation what may be of spiritual advantage. I have often found persons doubting the reality of their conversion, because it was not sudden, and because they could not mention the time, the place, the person connected with this new-birth of the soul. As if any one would doubt it was day, and not night, because the morning was foggy and he did not see at what moment the sun arose. Where the means of grace are abundant, and the knowledge of the Gospel widespread and communicated from childhood, it may be expected that, as a rule, conversions will be gradual, possessing no peculiar features of outward circumstance. So, at least, I find it. The teachings of home and of the Sunday-school's, the influence of friends, the preaching of the Gospel—these have been blessed by God, so that by imperceptible degrees the secret disciple recognizes his discipleship, and is at length constrained to seek admission to the church. But, while this is the general rule, exceptional cases often occur; and sometimes conversions take place no less sudden than that of Saul of Tarsus. God's chief instrument is the preaching of the Gospel. In these days of Ritualism—of candles, vestments, banners, processions, genuflexions, of baptismal regeneration, and the corporeal presence of Christ in the Eucharist—it cannot be too steadfastly maintained that "it hath pleased God by *the preaching* of foolishness to save them that believe." Let our young men "covet earnestly the best gifts"; and, rather than fame, or wealth, or power, aspire to be preachers of the Gospel. To this let the highest powers be consecrated; for what can open so noble a field of holy ambition? in what service can intellect, energy, learning, life, be so well expended? But let none think that those who preach sermons to large congregations are God's only ministers in converting sinners. On the evening in question there were, as usual, those who referred to the public services of the church and the sermons they had heard as instrumental in their conversion. But there were others who showed emphatically how God opens different doors of usefulness to his people, and how the humblest in the church may share with the pastor the honor and joy of "saving a soul from death." There was encouragement for parents. A mother brought to me her little girl of thirteen, with tears of joy, expressing her confidence that her child was a true disciple of Jesus. And no one looking at that child's earnest, loving, happy face, and hearing her simple response to one or two simple questions, could hesitate for a moment to rejoice both with mother and child. There were twelve others, in their teens, scholars in our Sunday-schools, brought to me by their teachers, after long and prayerful consultation with them. These young people attributed their decision for Christ to the influence of the Sabbath-school. O what an encouragement I felt it to be to that large class of devoted servants of Christ—a minister's best allies and helpers—Sunday-school teachers! This is a work in which any one can engage who has a loving heart. If unable to take an elder class, there are the little ones to talk to of Jesus. No rank of life but is honored by such work. Our present Lord High Chancellor of England, Lord Hatherly, known better as Sir Page Wood, has been all his life a Sunday-school teacher, and last Saturday said he should remain at his class until his minister turned him out—not an ejectment which is very likely to be served. One man told me that a terrific thunder-storm aroused him from spiritual torpor. "The voice of the Lord" in Nature awoke him to hear the voice of the Lord in the Gospel of His Son. Another was led to repentance by the sudden death of a brother. A mother felt her heart first softened by the death of her infant. A fourth had been sick, and the visits paid her during illness had not been fruitless. She now, restored to health, came to consecrate her preserved life to God. How much may be done by private Christians in this way. They may be too timid to speak to the strong, the prosperous, the gay. But let them find out some one in suffering and minister to them. Let them sit by their bedside; sympathize, speak gently and lovingly; read to the patient, and amuse the sufferer with pleasant chat; leave a tract or good book; and, winning the heart of the sick person, then speak of Jesus. What a mission for those who think they have nothing to do! A woman came to me to support her husband's proposal for membership. With eyes streaming with tears of grateful joy, she said: "I have been married eight years. Soon after marriage, my husband took to drinking, and refused to go with me to my church. I asked him in vain. Our life was wretched. I prayed and prayed for years; but it seemed to do no good. One day he heard of your popular lectures in Surrey Chapel on Monday nights. He would not have gone to hear a sermon; but he was willing to go and hear a lecture, or music, or a poetical reading. Well, sir, he went, and went again; and then he signed the temperance pledge; and then he went to hear you on a Sunday; and then he became a real Christian; and, as he will go to no church but yours, I shall leave mine to come with him; and so I want you to have us both at once. Oh! sir, our home is turned into Paradise! Do go on with those secular lectures." Here was encouragement to those who may not be able to deliver an address avowedly on religion, but who might interest a company of people on some secular theme, with a purpose to lead them thereby onward and upward to God. One man said: "Sir, I was a profane gambler. But one day I was walking along Blackfriar's Road, and, seeing a crowd outside of your church, I stopped to listen to your missionary, Mr. Martin, who was preaching in the open air. And this led me to the mission-hall. And now I hope I love Christ and am another man." Another case was almost similar. A drunkard had been arrested by the open-air preaching; had signed the pledge. And now both these men are earnest helpers in our mission-hall. A young man of 22 said to me: "I come from a small village in Surrey. There is a lady there who has a service on Sunday night for the children of the village. I used to go; and here I learnt to love Jesus. Now I've come up to live in London; and I want to join your church." Consider my feelings, knowing that lady to be my own sister. There is no resident clergyman in the village, nor doctor either. She tries to supply the place of both to her poor neighbors. The service began very simply. She asked her gardener's children if they would like to sing hymns with her own on Sunday evenings. Then some of her husband's work-people asked for the privilege for their children. Others followed. Some parents asked to wait, to take the children home. So they were asked in also. And thus a regular service, both for children and adults, was instituted. Oh! if Christians will only be content to do a very, very little thing for Christ, but will be ready and prompt to do it, how it will develop! how the path will widen! how the field will enlarge! how the one talent will become ten!

Some of the little narratives given to me showed that we should not despair because we do not *at once see* some result of our labor. A full-grown man spoke of the impressions made on his mind when at the infant school; while another said that a sermon he had preached eight years ago was the means of his conversion. We are to sow our seed, and water it with our prayers, and then believe and hope. We are taught to "labor and to wait." How many prayers of Christian parents have been answered in the conversion of their children long after they who offered the prayers have been removed to Heaven! How true it is of all Christian laborers, "Their works do follow them." One man said he had been converted partly by what he had heard in St. Paul's Cathedral, and partly at the special Sunday services held in the "Victoria Theater"—one of the lowest of our London theaters, but crowded every Sunday night when the Gospel is preached. What a rebuke to our exclusive friends, who think nothing can be divine which is off consecrated ground; and also for those who, with equal narrowness, question the reality of religion when found beneath swelling dome or lofty spire. Verily, "the word of God is not bound." Dear American friends and brethren who read this, we are one—one in Christ, one in trying to serve him and win souls. Let this year be one of new determination to be useful. Let each do something; let each do what he can, and do it at once. God will find work for willing laborers, and fit them for it by employing them in it. Don't refuse to jump into the water till you can swim. You must enter it in order to swim. So begin to work. Take the lowest place. Use your one talent. If you have not a candle, but only a rush-light, or even a match, light it up for Christ. Try and be useful to one soul this year. Oh! if all private Christians, as well as all ministers, would this year, by all means, in season and out of season, all over the world, labor to be useful, what a harvest will 1869 yield!

At half-past eight we adjourned for two hours. Soon after ten the people began to pour in, until the good old place was crowded. Who were they? Not my own congregation. I recognized very few faces. It was a vast, promiscuous crowd. My colleague, Mr. Charlesworth, occupied the first hour very solemnly and well. Then I preached on the day of judgment. I said that all we had done was like writing with invisible ink. It would be all legible at the judgment. The indictment against us is all written by ourselves. Christ alone can efface it. We spent the last few minutes of the year in silence. Though numbers had crowded in after the closing of the theaters, and were clustering all around the doors, not a sound was heard. The utter stillness of a vast crowd of 2,500 people is very thrilling! Then was heard distinctly the booming of the great bell of Westminster clock-tower, and 1868 had given place to 1869. Then we all stood up and sang the good old Methodist hymn,

"Come let us anew
Our journey pursue."

Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, about a mile off, was at the same time crowded with 6,000 people; and several other churches nearer us, as well as the Lambeth Baths, were also full. Seventeen persons began the year with signing the pledge in our vestry. God give us all a "Happy New Year."

JAN. 5, 1869.

HOW TO TRAIN OUR CHILDREN.

BY REV. LYMAN ABBOTT.

An anonymous friend writes to ask me the above question. "You have told us," he says, "in substance, that we ought to train our children; that to teach or even to govern them is not enough. How to train them is a practical question, full of difficulty. Will you give your readers some suggestions in reply to it?" To do this in detail would require a treatise. I can only sketch an outline. The filling up must be left to be learned in the school of experience.

Childhood life seems to be intended by God for a training-school. It repeats in miniature the life of maturer age. The little stage is like the larger one. There is the same variety of experiences. Tragedies, comedies, farces, all are enacted. There are the same varieties of character as among the children of a larger growth. There are heroes and cowards; little men of thought and little men of action; inventors, pioneers, governors, students; there are grave and reverend seignors and irresistibly comic humorists; genial men and surly men; generous men and stingy men; active men and lazy men. Childhood life is nothing but manhood life viewed through an inverted glass. All the avocations of later life are pursued with solemn earnestness among our little ones. The merchant displays his wares, and buys and sells, and beats down the wares of his neighbor and exalts his own. The teacher instructs a noisy troop of children, and administers wholesome correction with utmost gravity. The preacher holds forth to an attentive audience—of chairs and sofas. The toddling boy in frocks appoints himself superintendent of an extemporized Sabbath-school, and assigns father and mother and uncle and aunt their places in the infant class. Mothers clad in pinafores nurse their doll-babies with exemplary patience, train them up in the way they should go, and carry them through long and trying periods of sickness of five-minutes or more duration. Housekeepers rejoice in their little kitchens; and iron, and wash, and cook, with an enthusiasm which unfortunately generally exhausts itself before they pass far into their teens. In short, all a child's favorite plays are those which prepare him for his sterner duties. Thus childhood is made, by the very instinct of its nature, God's training-school for manhood.

In the same way, the deeper experiences of children are miniatures of those of later life. They have their joys and sorrows; their exaltations and their depressions; their tears of disappointment and their tears of ecstasy. Their greatest griefs are tempered to their capabilities; their lesser ones are really as hard for them to bear as our seemingly more serious ones. The mother dies. The child weeps to-day, but laughs to-morrow. Nor does it comprehend the full significance of its loss till in later life it learns the full meaning of mother's love. On the other hand, the loss of its pet is like the loss of a child to us. The loss of its toy is like the loss of his fortune to the father. The little merchant fails in business. The little pioneer is lost in the woods. The little inventor cuts his fingers with his own unskillful hands. The little teacher suffers the disruption of her school by the sudden truancy of all her scholars. We laugh at their griefs, and chide the tears they cause. Yet we weep ourselves over disappointments no greater, over griefs no harder for our stronger hearts to bear

As they have their griefs, so also their temptations. All the allurements which with greater power assail the virtue of manhood assail also that of childhood; but with power which childhood can resist. All the virtues which go to make up the perfect man are called into exercise in childish experiences, that they may thus be made strong for future conflicts. There are childish quarrels, which demand forbearance and forgiveness; childish needs, which demand generosity; childish fears, which demand courage; childish trials, which demand patience. There is scarcely a single sin of later life into which the child may not fall; scarcely a virtue which he is not called upon to practice.

In the family, too, all this childhood life goes on under the supervision of nurse and mother. The household is a little world, whose special providence they are. They lead the little ones through their wilderness, and are a pillar of cloud and fire. They shield them from needless temptations, and support them in their hours of grief. To them the child pays the reverence that manhood pays to God alone, and yields the allegiance which in later years he transfers to the Parent of us all. Even his thought of God is borrowed from the earthly parent in the prayer his infant lips are taught to lisp—"Our *Father* which art in heaven."

Our great duty, then, in child-training is to comprehend this characteristic of childhood life, and avail ourselves of it. Their plays hinder and perplex us, but their plays are to be encouraged. Their chief lessons are to be learned out of school. The doll, the child's stove, the carpenter's box of tools, the amateur store, the half-cultivated garden—all are the instruments of their education. Encourage them in all imitative sports. So teach them by doing how to do.

The same principle may be applied to their moral life. To some extent we are to guard our children against trouble and temptation. A higher duty is to teach them how to bear the one and resist the other. Do not coddle them overmuch. God means that the battle of life should begin early. Teach them to be heroes, and not to mind its scars—nay, to be proud of them. We pity our children too much and strengthen them too little. It is equally in vain to attempt to guard our children from all evil companionship. It is not hopeless to imbue them with the spirit of resistance. They must wear their coat of armor underneath the surface; they cannot put it on too early. The mother-bird provokes the little nursling to leave the nest—tempts her with promises, calls to her with sweet invitations, or, failing thus, pushes her from the nest and compels her to trust herself to her as yet untried powers of flight. We brood our children too long. We must teach them to fly before they are ready to leave the nest altogether. We have, in short, something more to do than to keep them from suffering—viz., to teach them to endure it; something higher than to keep them from all contact with sin—viz., to teach them to conquer it. We are to remember our own continual prayer, Lead us not into temptation, *but* deliver us from evil. It is not enough that we do not lead our little ones into temptation; we are to inspire them by the moral strength which alone can give them deliverance from evil.

But, after all, the chiefest power of the parent is sympathy. We train our children somewhat by what we say, more by what we do, most of all by what *we are*. The child's mind is like sensitized paper in the photographist's camera. It catches insensibly the impression of our life. The parent or teacher who most fully enters into the child's life, shares its experiences, and appreciates its joys and sorrows and conflicts, is the best trainer. God teaches the race partly by law, more by Christ's example, most of all by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. We train our children a little by the laws we impose, more by our example, most of all by our heart-life. The ancient prophet, summoned to the chamber of death, laid himself upon the corpse of the lad, "his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands"; and so the life passed from the living to the dead. Thus are we by the power of a genuine sympathy to lay ourselves as it were upon our children, and to inspire in every faculty a true life by the life which pulsates in our own souls.

NEW ENGLAND CHURCH.

OUR ELIMS.

BY REV. JOHN W. DODGE.

Marah, with its bitter waters, was the first halting-place after the Red Sea passage. Another day's journey and "they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees; and they encamped there by the waters." Such is the order in our earthly pilgrimage. First Marah, then Elim. The bitter before the sweet, sorrow before joy, dark before light, the evening and the morning make the day.

It will not be inappropriate to remind ourselves of the Elims in the Christian journey, and recall their uses.

1. Glimpses of the beautiful things of earth are Elims amid the monotony and barrenness of common life. The pressure of innumerable cares and the hurry of unceasing work leave us little leisure of spirit. The imagination, the vision and faculty divine within us, is fettered in the narrow routine of our callings. Then excesses of appetite and indulgences of passion dim the inner eye and throw us out of harmony with the beautiful. The ugly and vile is thrust upon our attention, and must be seen. So it comes to pass that, for most of us, it is only an occasional experience to feel the elevating influence of the beautiful. But the favored hour comes. The preparation is invisible. It is a revelation in the "mighty world of eye and ear." We are lifted into sympathy with the flowers, the birds, the clouds. We find ourselves all at once *en rapport* with Nature, and the burden of weariness rolls off from the heart.

"The mode in which Nature soothes us," says Robertson, "is by finding meeter and nobler utterance for our feelings than we can find in words." The mountains bring peace by satisfying our yearning for the grand. We expand to them. The mighty action of the sea expresses the infinite heavings of the soul, and so lulls it to rest. Niagara casts a spell on the beholder for the same reason. Bryant thus speaks of the effect of forests upon the spirit:

"The sacred influence
That from the stilly twilight of the place
And from the gray old trunks, that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty."

Moses, after those dreary years in Egypt, doubtless found such relief amid the grand old solitudes of Horeb, whither he afterward led his people. David sings of a similar restoring of soul in green pastures and by still waters. Saint Bernard found refreshment from the austerities of Citeaux amid the oaks and beeches that surrounded his convent. Andrew Crichton, the gifted young Scotch preacher of Dundee, who a few months ago went home to rest, thus speaks of an Elim by the way: "Yesterday evening I went down into the glen for awhile to enjoy an almost perfect restfulness; for the Sabbath calm was round me everywhere, and for one little while I felt as though I had ceased to have part or lot in that complex thing which we call this world, which is feverish and disturbed in its very enjoyments, as though the clay vesture had fallen away from me altogether, and I was clothed in the immaterial raiment of some blessed spirit, whose heaven of calmness had never been crossed by a thought of sadness or of sin."

2. The experiences of congenial friendship are Elims in the inner life. You find very much association in modern life, but little genuine friendship. The rivalries, fashions, and ambitions make a desert of society:

"Like drift-wood spars which meet and pass
Upon the boundless ocean plain;
So on the sea of life, alas!
Man nears man, meets, and leaves again."

At best, we are like vessels that meet, compare reckonings, dip colors, and steer into mid-ocean again. The loneliness of city life makes the intercourse of friendship a real basis of joy. After the cold, metallic interchanges of business, the thin, artificial chatter of fashionable society, and the dreary commonplaces of mere neighbors, it is a delight to find a responsive heart. It stimulates and fertilizes us. We want more than mute expression, be it ever so grand. We want to speak out for ourselves. It divides the burdens of life and doubles our joys, and gives birth to a new courage for the future. What a refreshment to the teased spirit of David to find a heart like that of Jonathan when hunted like a partridge upon the mountains! We can imagine how the soul of Paul expanded when he met again his friends at The Three Taverns, and thanked God and took courage. We can never know what blessed relief the gloomy spirit of Cowper found in the hearty friendship of honest John Newton, at Olney. Perhaps the church owes to such inspiration some of the most precious of her sacred songs. Was it not for lack of such genial rest that Dante died in loneliness, prematurely old at fifty-six; that Burns became disgusted with life, and lay down to die at thirty-seven? This is the secret of much of the wearing out among the stoutest workers. They need heart-rest. They are entombed in solitude. This is the greatest charm of home that it affords such perfect sympathy of spirit, in contrast with the chilling selfishness of the world. The delightful diversity of traits and dispositions in parents and children give fullest satisfaction. It supplies all the strength we can crave from one another, and fulfills the prophecy: "A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

3. Seasons of spiritual peace are Elims in the higher life. The staple of life in a world like this must be conflict. For many days the dove could find no rest for the sole of her foot over the wide waste of waters. Doubtless much of the secret history of men is tinged with sorrow, and the author of "Festus" was true to life when he represented the angel of earth among the celestial bands as always weeping. Most of our sweetest hymns are only sighings for peace. Nor is it the timid and pusillanimous that crave peace the most ardently; but battle-scarred and valiant heroes, who know the meaning of battle. Human nature has its affinities with the dove as truly as with the eagle; but rest can only be the exception here. Doubt from time to time comes sweeping over the soul like a sirocco. The spirit is tortured by the dark things of life. It is driven to think through again the principles it has received in trust. With all our thinking we find no rest. Our grand supports seem resting in mid-air. There is no rest, for faith comes not by thinking. It is only by yielding the struggle, and getting low in prayer, and casting ourselves with our burdens upon the bosom of God, that peace returns. Then the dark valley lights up with sunshine. The rainbow of promise is reflected from the tears of penitence. Jesus's breast is the Elim of peace—

"Here is life after death and peace out of pain,
Calm after storm on the sea;
Clear is the shining after the rain,
The morning breaks for me."

4. Besides these, there are moments of peculiar exaltation that may be called Elims. The new earth has its mountain-tops, as well as its valleys. The cross-bearing way is marked occasionally with spots of celestial radiance. Jesus is transfigured before our faith; and Heaven comes down in blessed messengers, whose garments smell of myrrh out of the ivory palaces. It may come to us as it did to the disciples in the night, when the spirit is touched with a finer sensibility. Tribulation has wrought patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and now the love of God is shed abroad afresh on the soul, like another sun risen upon midnoon, and the whole horizon is bathed in glory. It may be that the new experience of the promise comes at the banqueting-house of love, when at his table we recline on the bosom of Jesus. We seem to feed on the clusters of the rich land that is before us, and drink of the river of his pleasures that flows from beneath the throne. Or it may come to us when waiting by the bank of the river, among the orchards and vineyards of the land of Beulah, where the sun shines without intermission and the birds ever sing, where the air is filled with the echoes of heavenly music and celestial visions are given to the soul. "The Celestial City is full in my view," wrote Dr. Payson, a few days before he passed away. "Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart." And so he waited in rapture beneath the palm-trees.

What are the uses of our Elims? They are not certainly for temporary gratification, but bear their part in the heavenly discipline. They enable us to take more cheerful views of the whole of life. From these sunny eminences we can survey the diversified landscape of common life. Marah and Elim are in the same highway to Canaan. The path is radiant with love even through the desert. Elim interprets all the rest. We take truer and more comprehensive views of the guiding hand in these hours of spiritual elevation, and can sing, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Moreover, they recruit us for future work. Rest here is never to be received as an ultimate good. It comes to make us stronger and more fruitful. It is our weakness that sighs for perpetual rest. The strong within us bids us up and be doing "with a heart for any fate." Let us go onward from our Elims with new vigor for service, and new fortitude for trial. Best of all, they afford us an outlook toward the rest that remaineth. From the Delectable Mountains we descry the gates of the Celestial City. And so we go on from strength to strength, expecting soon to appear in Zion before God.

Art and Artists.

The second annual exhibition of the American Society of Water-Color Painters is now open in the galleries of the National Academy of Design, in Twenty-third street. A private view was given to the artists and members of the press on Thursday night last; but private views, unless they are strictly private, and by daylight, are rarely favorable to the pictures on view. One meets too many acquaintances on such occasions, and it is so much pleasanter to talk with the artist than to inspect his productions that the pictures are apt to be neglected. And when there is a punch-bowl and "a Bourbon among us," and sandwiches and cigars, the atmosphere is likely to grow cloudy and the lights become dim. But water-colors do not suffer so much by gaslight as oil paintings do; and it was, perhaps, as favorable an occasion for viewing the pictures on Thursday night as could be had.

Water-color painting is almost an untried art with us, and we doubt if it ever can become as popular here as it is in England. Our bright skies and dry atmosphere are more congenial to oil than to water colors. But beautiful effects are produced by the water-colorists; and in the one quality of durability water color is unquestionably superior to oil. It is a good sign that we have a sufficient number of water-colorists to form a society; but they cannot yet make much of an exhibition. The best pictures in the present collection are the works of English artists, and they serve as examples of what our own artists may possibly accomplish hereafter. The one small picture by Prout, representing a street scene in a Spanish town, and a figure piece by John Gilbert, whose drawings we are so familiar with in illustrated periodicals, show that our water-color painters have a good deal of hard work to accomplish before they can measure themselves by the masters of the English school. Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, who is now a resident of New York, contributes several pictures of marked ability to the exhibition; and Mr. S. Coleman has a well-finished street view of the Giralda, in Seville, on Corpus Christi day.

The oil paintings have been rearranged in the galleries, and a good many of them have necessarily been sent away, to make room for the water colors.

By a fire which occurred last week in the Derby Athenæum, Mr. Wier's remarkable painting of the West Point Foundry was completely destroyed. We understand that it was insured for $15,000; but money will not compensate the artist for the loss of his work, upon which he depended for reputation. Mr. Weir is at present in Rome.

Rev. Dr. Bellows has accomplished the difficult feat of hitting two birds with one stone. While sitting to Powers, the sculptor, for his bust, he extracted material enough from the artist's conversation to form the subject of a lecture, which he first delivered in Brooklyn and has since repeated in New York. Sitters to Page might turn their opportunities to a good account in the same way, if they chose to lecture on Titian or Shakespeare.

We made a slight mistake last week in saying that Perry occupies the studio of McEntee, in Tenth street. George C. Lambdin is the tenant of McEntee's apartments, and visitors there may see a very good picture which he has just finished—a fresh and sunny garden scene, with a young girl leaning against the trunk of a tree, with a handful of grapes.

Eastman Johnson's painting of the "Boyhood of Lincoln" is familiar to many of our readers. It represents a young boy, coarsely clad, sitting in a log-cabin, reading a book by the light of a log-fire in a large open fireplace. His thoughtful face is brought into bright relief by the ruddy glow of the flames, while the general effect of the composition is hightened by the shadow into which the interior of the cabin and the minor accessories of the picture are thrown. Praug & Co., of Boston, have reproduced this picture in chromo-lithograph with remarkable success.

A Boston writer calls J. G. Brown "the best painter of children in the country." But he cannot have seen some recent pictures by Mr. Guy, or he would have qualified that judgment. Two or three pictures which this artist has recently finished fairly entitle him to be called the best painter of children in any country. His children have not the homely tenderness of Edward Frere's little peasant boys and girls; but they have a more poetical character, greater refinement, more purity and sweetness, and an elevated expression, which shows them to belong to the educated classes, while they have all the innocence and tenderness of childhood. Frere's children give one a feeling of painful interest in their sufferings; the solemn little creatures, with their homely garments, always have a look of pinching poverty. But the children of Mr. Guy are simply buds of human character. His latest picture is a single figure of a young boy, by candle light, playing on an imitation banjo. He calls it, most appropriately, the Infant Apollo; and the urchin's face has in it the whole expression of inspiration. The strings of his instrument yield no sounds; but he hears the music which they should produce in his imagination. The lights and shadows in this extraordinarily fine painting display the highest order of artistic ability.

Music.

Ole Bull gave a concert at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Wednesday, the 20th, which differed in no important particular from his other recent performances, except that for a soprano vocalist, in place of Miss Barton, he had Signora Lanari. His own magic bow is always attraction enough to fill the house.

....On the same evening a popular Brooklyn vocalist, Mr. Lockwood, gave a successful annual concert at the Athenæum. Mr. Frederic Steins, basso, Mr. Charles Henry, baritone, Miss Charlotte V. Hutchings, contralto, and Mr. Carl Eisner, pianist, contributed their assistance. Mrs. Abbot was announced on the bills, but the sickness of her child kept her at home.

....Signora Elena Lanari, a lady of whom preliminary advertisements had said many fine things, made her *début* at Steinway Hall, on Tuesday, the 19th, with moderate success. She has a thin voice, cultivated to its very utmost, and sings with intelligence and feeling. Of Scotch birth and parentage, she was educated in Italy, where she married, and passed some years on the lyric stage. Her style is best suited for the opera, but her voice is a voice for the concert-room. Mr. Harry Sanderson, Signor Fossati, Mr. W. J. Hill, and Mr. Burnap, organist, assisted on the occasion.

....The untimely decease of the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn has inspired a number of musical enthusiasts of that city with the courage to organize an Amateur Philharmonic Society, under the leadership of Mr. Groenevelt. They gave their first public concert at the Athenæum on the 19th, playing a symphony of Haydn's, Suppe's overture to the "Poet and Peasant," and one or two minor pieces, with a spirit and success which, considering that they are not professional artists and are little used to playing together, do them the highest credit. Miss Jennie E. Bull, Mr. J. M. Wilder, a basso of local fame, and Mr. Giorza filled up the programme with solo pieces.

....The programme for the third Philharmonic concert, the public rehearsals of which began last Friday, comprises the "Reformation Symphony" of Mendelssohn, the unfinished posthumous symphony of Schubert's, and the well-known but ever fresh and glorious third overture to "Leonora," by Beethoven. The first two works not only possess deep intrinsic interest, but are also novelties. They have never been heard in America until within a year. One of them has been played only once before in New York, the other only three times, and neither has been done in any part of the United States with the perfection which we may expect from our Philharmonic Society.

....The concert given at Steinway Hall on Monday evening, the 18th, for the benefit of the St. David's Benevolent Society, would have been far more interesting if, in addition to a Welsh audience and two Welsh singers, some of the beautiful national music of Wales had also been presented. The programme was substantially just such as we are accustomed to at nearly all miscellaneous concerts. Mr. Ap Madoc, and Mr. Llwyvo Lewis, a baritone, were the only novelties. The former gentleman gave a song attributed in the programme to Beethoven, but so thoroughly Welsh in its character that we suppose it must have been merely arranged, not composed, by him; and the latter contributed a Welsh ballad for an *encore*. The other pieces by Messrs. Ap Madoc and Lewis, as well as the efforts of Mrs. Mozart, Mr. George Simpson, Mr. J. R. Thomas, Miss Toedt, and Mr. Edward Hoffman, call for no especial remark beyond a general commendation.

Education.

At the Congregational College in Grinnell, Iowa, out of 300 students, 200 are young women. No liquors are sold in the town. The college is $190,000 in debt.

....Mr. Cornell intends that the university which bears his name shall be as liberal in its character as its founder, and writes to two young ladies, who want to join the institution, that if they come next Fall they will be received.

....Cambridge University in England is to be thrown open to women students. The first examination for admission is to take place on the 5th of next July. Candidates are required to be eighteen years of age on the 1st of January of this year, and to make application before the 1st of May. Examinations will be held in any place where twenty-five fees are guaranteed, provided a committee of ladies will superintend the examination and provide accommodations for strangers, and that a suitable person will receive the examination papers. The result of the experiment will show how far the women of England really desire a higher education than is now afforded them.

....The trustees of the Peabody Fund met at Baltimore, on the 21st inst. Mr. Wetmore, of New York, treasurer, and Dr. Sears, of Virginia, general agent, submitted their reports of operations during the past year. From the former it was learned that the financial condition of the fund is in excellent condition. The million dollars United States bonds originally given, with coupons attached, have been exchanged for registered bonds, and have been enhanced in value with the rise in public securities at least $25,000. The outlay has not been sufficient, including all the expenses of the board and its agents, to consume the interest on the bonds, and consequently the principal remains untouched. By the terms of the gift Mr. Peabody stipulated that 40 per cent. of the principal might be used in establishing schools in the South; but so judiciously has the business been managed that it has not been found necessary to encroach beyond the interest which has accrued. The report of Dr. Sears embraced many interesting particulars of his travels in the South, giving many details of the establishment of schools. His journeyings last year were mainly confined to Tennessee and Arkansas. In the latter-named state he has established schools at Little Rock, Camden, Napoleon, Fort Smith, and at a few other points. He states that he found the people ready and anxious to assist in carrying out the object of the gift. The schools which have been established already have generally been aided by a gift of one or two-thirds of the amount necessary to commence them, while the remaining sum has been raised by the citizens of the vicinity. Dr. Sears's manner of proceeding has been to meet and converse with the leading citizens of the different neighborhoods which he visited, and then, explaining to them the possibility of educating all the youth of the vicinage with but little addition to the expense required to educate a few by sending them North, he has aroused a general feeling of interest in educational matters, which invariably results in raising a good subscription; and this, supplemented by the Peabody gift, starts the ball rolling. Of the schools already established many will be self-sustaining at the end of the present year.

Temperance.

Thomas F. Leonard, a rumseller of Ann Arbor, Mich., lately issued the following proclamation:

"To the liquor-dealers of the city of Ann Arbor: Take notice that I shall prosecute any dealer who shall, after the publication

Our Young Folks.

THE SILVER CORD AND THE GOLDEN MIST.

BY H. H.

It was just before sunrise, and snug in his bed
Little Nathan was lying. He always has said
That he knows and is sure he was quite wide awake
When these things I shall tell you took place. You can take
All that part of the story, you know, as you please;
But you must not forget there are many degrees
Of our sleep, besides *sound* sleep, and some come so near
The being awake that the dreams always appear
Which we dream at such times as if all had been true.
At the foot of his bed was a big window. Through
Every pane he could look on the bright garden-beds,
And he often half thought that the flowers shook their heads
In the morning at him, when he lingered and clung
To his pillow long after the first bell had rung.
On this wonderful morning, when these things occurred
Which now I shall tell you, the first thing that he heard
Was the funniest clicking and whizzing, he says,
Which, though nothing was seen, seemed to come from all ways
In a minute, and quite filled the room with its sound.
He grew frightened at last, when he looked all around
And saw nothing alive which could possibly make
Such a buzzing. But just as he thought he would take
All his clothes in his hand, and run right to his mother,
He heard over his head quite distinctly another
And a much sharper sound, like a thimble's rat-tan,
Or the noise that big scissors will make when they snap.
And as soon as he looked at the top of the bed,
From which curtains hung down, of soft damask, bright red,
He saw—what do you think?—such a sight, that his eyes
And his mouth opened wide with delight and surprise.
Flying backward and forward between the foot-posts
A bright shuttle of gold, which went fast as if hosts
Of invisible looms must be making its thread;
And an actual Fairy, who nodded her head
And flew fast as the shuttle, and smiled while she spun
Little cords of bright silver, which shone in the sun.
At each dip of the shuttle a fine golden mist
Floated out in the air, till you could not resist
The impression that all things were turning to gold;
With the small silver cord, as its bright length unrolled,
She festooned all the ceiling in long loops, which swung,
And which quivered, and glittered as lightly she sprung
In and out, and arranged them. The warm golden light
Went on spreading, and growing each moment more bright.
She kept looking at Nathan, and he looked at her;
But as *she* did not speak, he thought best not to stir;
And till now, for all *I* know, they might still have been
There, if Nathan, at last, had not dared to begin
In a low, frightened voice to ask questions.

"Aren't you
A live Fairy? I know you must be. When
you're through
With this wonderful spinning, I wish you would come
Down, and *just* let me measure your hight on any thumb!
And are these things for me, the gold mist and white cords?"
The gay Fairy laughed out, and broke in with these words:
"Hallo! little Nathan, at the last, you have spoken.
You had better believe that my back is half broken.
I should soon have stopped spinning and gone to the Queen,
And have told her that really I never had seen
Any boy who would wait so before he would ask
What was meant by my spinning, and so from my task
Set me free; for you see I was ordered to keep
Just as mum as a mouse till you waked from your sleep,
And asked what I was doing. I thought you would speak
More than two hours ago; and now I am so weak
That I really must rest before more I can say."
And with this she jumped down on the bed in a way
That, although little Nathan was bold, made him start,
And made all the young blood give great throbs in his heart
"Pshaw, now, don't be so foolish," she said, with a smile,
As she crossed her fat legs; "in a very short while
I'll tell you the whole, and it is jolly. You'll find
So, my dear little boy—be at ease in your mind."
Then she shut up her eyes, for which Nathan was glad;
And he took a good look at the queer clothes she had:
A short roundabout jacket of velvet, pale green,
And a tunic of lace, under which could be seen
Little trowsers of red, as bright red as a rose,
And the fullness fell down in great folds to her toes.
Round her waist was a belt of the finest spun-glass,
From which dangled such wonderful things as would pass
All my powers of description to tell. But of all
Of them none could compare with her watch, which was small
As the smallest round pea you e'er saw; and it swung
By a chain of bright jewels, which glittered among
The red folds of her trowsers like tiny dew-drops.
"Oh! I wonder," thought Nathan, "if it ever stops.
And how little the key is for that sort of watch!
I declare," said he, starting, "her slippers don't match!"
Sure enough, one was yellow, the other was red;
And at this he laughed ont, till he quite shook his bed,
And the Fairy jumped up with a stretch and a yawn,
And said: "Goodness! how late 'tis! I ought to have gone
Long ago." Then she snatched up her shuttle of gold
And her silver-thread spool. "But," said Nathan, grown bold,
"You must tell me, you know, what all this is about,
Fine Miss Fairy, or else I will not let you out;
And I wish you would let me look into your watch.
And, oh! say, do all fairies wear shoes that don't match?"
"Oh my word," said the Fairy, "you've found your tongue now!
Who'd think you were the boy who before were so slow?
You're a rare little fellow. I like you. Of course
I was going to do as I promised; but force,
Let me tell you, young master, with all your big muscles,
Couldn't hold me a minute. I never have tussles,
But I just spread my wings, and before you begin
I am off," she said, flying with comical grin
To the very tip-top of the looking-glass frame,
Where she perched like a bird.

"Now, dear, I came
From the Queen of Good Fairies. Each day I am sent
To some child whom she loves; and the all-ver cord meant
To remind you of one which your own hands can twine
Every day, which is brighter and stronger than mine.
Every kind deed you do, every kind word you speak,
Is a thread of Love's silver which never will break,
And the cord will grow brighter and brighter each day;
It will hold your friends fast so they can't get away;
And at last all its strands will be twisted together
In a cable so strong it will stand the worst weather.
Then the shuttle, which, weaving a mist of pure gold,
Made your room and the garden so bright to behold,
Is a shuttle whose magic you cannot believe
Until once you have learned by its secret to weave.
You can make every room, every garden you see,
Every desolate place where you happen to be,
Just as bright as pure sunshine when once you have sent
Back and forth, through the air, the good shuttle Content.
Now I can't stay a minute to show you my watch,
Nor to tell how it happens my slippers don't match;
But if *you* set to work on Love's cord right away,
And will keep your room lit by Content every day,
The first minute I get, I'll pop in here again,
And those other small matters I'll show and explain."
'Oh! Miss Fairy," cried Nathan; but he was too late.
She was out of the window and she would not wait.
He was ready to cry, but he thought he'd begin,
In that very first minute, to weave and to spin
From the silver of Love and the gold of Contentment,
And thus prove to the Fairy he knew what she meant.
So he sprang up and dressed him, and ran out to find
Any body or thing to which he could be kind.
And from that day to this, both his parents declare,
His content is like sunshine and fills all the air;
And his friends he has bound by sweet deeds and sweet words,
Till he draws them around him by Love's strongest cords.
The droll Fairy he watches and watches for still.
She has never come back, but he thinks that she will!

A STORY OF TWO ROBIN-RED-BREASTS.

This story, unlike that of our golden-robin, shall have a pleasant conclusion; for the fatality which usually attends pets failed in the history of our pair of red-breasts. Does some little boy exclaim, "*A pair* of robins!" He is greatly mistaken if he supposes that *we* robbed a nest to obtain them. We came honestly in possession of the half a dozen birds which we have at various times possessed—half a dozen, counting a little chipmunk which we saved (alas! for a short time only) from the fangs of a cat as one—and by this pair of birds in this wise.

We had a playmate whose name was Andrew; and a pair of robin-red-breasts had built a nicely-lined mud-nest on an apple-tree, near the farm-house in which he lived. Andrew had watched from his chamber-window all their labor in house-building; knew when the first tiny blue egg was laid, and the first little robbin hatched. But Andrew did not rob the nest.

One day, as he was watching the old birds feed their young ones, he saw a red squirrel leap from the top of the stone-wall, run up the tree-trunk and out on the limb which held the nest full of birdlings. The little birds, not quite old enough to fly, tumbled out of the nest in mortal terror at the frightful apparition of the furry face, and the uncouth chattering which it made. The parent birds scolded and pecked at the intruder in vain; and by the time Andrew, who hastened to their aid, reached the spot only two of the little birds could be found. The nest was beyond his reach; but he put some hay in a box and placed the little ones on it, hoping that their hungry cries would induce the old robins to feed them. But they declined to own them in their strange home, and Andrew was obliged to attempt to be father and mother to them, or see them starve.

But the poor things, in spite of his feeding, cried all the time, as only little, forsaken birds can cry; and at last Andrew gave them to a girl whose name was Harriet, hoping that her tender nursing would preserve their lives. Notwithstanding her care, the birdies continued their pitious wail; and, as a final hope, Harriet, recollecting the history of Goldie, brought them to us, and they became tenants of his roomy cage.

Our first care was to give them drink; no hard matter, as they perked up their heads and opened their bills about five times a minute to utter their habitual cry. They drank readily as we dropped water into their open bills; and then we fed them with mud-worms, bit by bit, for robbins are not vegetarians, until their cries nearly ceased, and they nestled down together upon a bed in a corner of the cage, and had a good sleep. From this they awoke only, by being locked out of their room, has called out quite a newspaper correspondence. Mr. Thos. G. Shearman, attorney for Mr. Fisk, who closed their room in the Opera House against them, defends himself vigorously, charging the managers of the Sunday-school with attempting to extort an unreasonable amount of money from Mr. Fisk in consideration of their giving up their lease; which, out of consideration for the object, they had obtained on almost nominal terms. But, as the Opera House had the encumbrance of this lease when purchased by Mr. Fisk, the Erie manager, and the school was under no sort of obligation to him, it is difficult to see what moral or legal right he had to close the doors upon them. They charge him with managing not to receive the rents, which they tried to pay, and then taking advantage of this neglect to turn them out.

....We doubt if there is another Sabbath-school in the country more thoroughly organized than the Benton-street Mission-school, St. Louis, under the able superintendence of Mr. E. D. Jones. The attendance the past year has diminished from 1,010 to 812, due mainly to the establishment of four other schools in the same district, which have drawn off some of the scholars. Last year nine teachers and thirty scholars were not absent a single Sabbath. A system of prizes is adopted; silk or metal badges being given for constant attendance for three months or a year; a red ticket for each attendance; a green ticket for reciting the lesson of the day; a white one for every additional six verses of Scripture; a yellow one for every new scholar introduced; and a blue exchange ticket given for six of the other tickets. Twenty exchange tickets give the holder a Bible, and ten a Testament. They may also be redeemed with a picture, album, or book, at the choice of the scholar. During the year an aggregate of 32,112 verses were repeated; and 250 prizes given, at a cost of $169 45. The receipts last year were $2,165; three-fourths of which was expended in books, papers, and prizes.

valne was enhanced an hundred fold. It was on a certain day, after their usual bath, and when they were nearly dry, that one of them commenced a low, plaintive strain, or melody, inexpressibly soft and cooing, not at all like the song of the wild red-breast. Indeed, their notes never attained, while they staid with us, the loudness of those of the robin; but continued the same low, sweet, confidential, loving song.

This pair of robins, like Goldie, were fond of the garden; and we could never shoulder a hoe without their immediately flying to perch on it and accompany us. They had no fear of any person, and only exhibited shyness upon the approach of our gray cat, "Old Prim," who, having attained the mature age of ten years, had acquired a large fund of knowledge, and a good-breeding which she manifested by never regarding our birds, at least in our presence, with the least symptom of those longings which are supposed to be entertained by her race when little birds are within reach. Indeed, our birds, with an amusing self-conceit, would snap their bills at Mrs. Prim, as though half inclined to fight rather than to fly.

The robins ranged about the village at pleasure, having free *entree* at every house; but our whistle would usually call them home. One day, a boy acquaintance, who lived nearly two miles from the village, came to visit us, with the express purpose of purchasing the birds. They had just eaten their dinner, and were off to the woods, which lay beyond the meadow in the rear of our house. We feared that, under these circumstances, our usual call would be disregarded; but in two or three minutes they appeared, winging a race, to see which could reach us the sooner.

Alfred, our visitor's name, warmly expressed his admiration. He fondled and fed the robins, and at last ventured his offer; but we were deaf to all temptations. As Alfred, after a pleasant visit, passed the blacksmith's shop, on his way homeward, the smith hailed him:

"Well, Alfred, did you buy the robins?"

"No, sir. Thomas wouldn't sell them; and," added the generous-hearted fellow, "I don't blame him!"

When the migratory season was drawing to a close, our birds were perceived to exhibit signs of restlessness, and to make longer absences from home; staying sometimes two or three days, and seeming shy upon their return. At length they were away for a week; and we had given up all hope of seeing them again, when they returned, as it proved, for a last visit. It was but a short one; and we were grieved that they exhibited fear of us, from whose hands they had been so often fed. But we remembered that it was owing to their awakened instincts of freedom, and might tend to their preservation from the dangers that threaten the red-breast; dangers which, alas! we fear are greater now than in the years of our boyhood.

After this visit we are not certain that we ever again saw our robins. We sometimes fancied that among the robins which, with the return of Spring, foraged in our yard some were less shy than others, and might possibly be our old pets; but the whistle which was familiar to them failed to awaken any response from these birds. However, we were consoled by the thought that somewhere in the great bird-world they were doubtless enjoying the companionship of their mates; could be with us, who could talk with them only by signs.

T. L.

Sabbath-schools.

The New Jersey Baptists propose, without withdrawing from union conventions, to establish a private state convention of their own. They have 140 churches.

....The statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the past year show an increase of Sabbath-schools of 1,396; of officers and teachers, 12,759; of scholars, 101,369.

....The Episcopal Sunday-school Convention has been in session for a week, in Grace Chapel, of this city. The leading clergymen of the region, both high and low, have taken part. Much interest is manifested.

....Middlesex County, N. J., held a Sabbath-school convention at Metuchen, January 14th, conducted by C. B. Stout, Esq. The Hunterdon County convention met at White House, January 19th, Rev. C. S. Conkling conductor.

....The Sunday-school teachers of New York held a meeting last week, at the Broadway Tabernacle, Mr. C. P. Hart, chairman. The business consisted of reports from delegates from other associations; addresses by the Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, D. D., Mr. R. G. Pardee, and the Rev. J. H. Vincent.

....The Bethel Mission-school, Brooklyn, since having the new building, has grown from 350 to nearly 700 membership. Better, however, is the fact that there seems to be an unusual interest among the teachers in the eternal welfare of their scholars. The prize system for bringing in new scholars has been abandoned; but rewards for punctual attendance are given.

....It is believed, says the *Sunday-school Times*, that the first Sabbath-school in the State of New Jersey was established about sixty years ago, in Paterson, by a Christian young lady. It is still a vigorous and flourishing school, attached to the First Presbyterian church, Dr. Hornblower's. New Jersey now has in the neighborhood of 1,550 Sabbath-schools, with 22,000 teachers and 187,000 scholars.

....The Baptists propose to hold a National Sunday-school Convention in connection with their anniversary next May. The place has not yet been decided on. The National Sunday-school Convention, general and unsectarian, will meet in Newark, April 28th. It will really add unity to the system of state organizations which have of late been so efficient. The call is signed by Mr. George H. Stuart and very many others all over the country.

....The difficulty in the case of the closing of the Morning Star Sunday-school, of this city, by being locked out of their room, has called out quite a newspaper correspondence. Mr. Thos. G. Shearman, attorney for Mr. Fisk, who closed their room in the Opera House against them, defends himself vigorously, charging the managers of the Sunday-school with attempting to extort an unreasonable amount of money from Mr. Fisk in consideration of their giving up their lease; which, out of consideration for the object, they had obtained on almost nominal terms. But, as the Opera House had the encumbrance of this lease when purchased by Mr. Fisk, the Erie manager, and the school was under no sort of obligation to him, it is difficult to see what moral or legal right he had to close the doors upon them. They charge him with managing not to receive the rents, which they tried to pay, and then taking advantage of this neglect to turn them out.

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Scientific.

It is calculated that Mount Vesuvius emitted during the recent eruption about 20,000,000 cubic feet of lava.

....The deepest coal-pit in England is at Wigan, and is 1,800 feet deep; and they are sinking it yet deeper, to reach another seam of coal, which is 2,400 feet below the surface.

....Dr. Canfield, of Monterey, is said to have the finest collection of shells on the Pacific coast, including several thousand varieties. About 400 varieties have been found on the beach near Monterey.

....During a recent exploration of the Himmalayan mountains, the two brothers Von Schlagintweit spent two nights at an altitude of more than 19,000 feet, without experiencing any serious inconvenience. Mont Blanc is less than 16,000 feet high.

....The deepest artesian well in the world is that in St. Louis, which has reached a depth of 3,235 feet. It is practically a failure, as the water does not rise to the top by 123 feet. As the rocks below are parallel, there is no hope that a greater depth would bring water to the surface.

....The first bar of tin ever produced in the United States was gotten out of a quantity of ore taken from the Temescal Tin Mines, Dec. 11th, by Mr. Mosheimer, of San Francisco. It weighed eighty-five pounds. The tin of commerce nearly all comes from Cornwall, England, or from Malacca.

....The longest artillery range on record—namely, 10,300 yards, over five and three-quarter miles—was lately attained at Shoeburyness, by Mr. Whitworth's 9-inch rifle-muzzle-loader gun of 14 tons, firing a shot of 250 lbs. with a charge of 50 lbs. This range is 925 yards over that of the 7-inch Lynall Thomas gun, which in 1861 ranged 10,675 yards.

....The recently corrected error in the computed distance of the sun was caused by an error in its parallax of one-third of a second. That is, the error was about that which would be made by a rifleman who should attempt, at a distance of 20 miles, to shoot at the right edge of a copper cent, and should hit it by mischance on the left edge.

....Sir James Y. Simpson, the celebrated physician of Edinburgh, says that "a rattlesnake or a tiger escaping from a traveling menagerie into a school full of children would, in all probability, not wound or kill nearly so many children as would a boy or girl coming among them affected with, or still imperfectly recovered from, scarlet fever, measles, or small-pox.

....A beautiful syrup of grape-sugar is being hawked about the towns of Germany, under the name of Swiss land-honey. It does not contain a particle of honey, and is made of starch which is converted into grape-sugar by the action of sulphuric acid. The sulphuric acid is afterward precipitated with marble or chalk. It can be detected by the fact that a little of the sulphate of lime remains in solution, though perfectly harmless.

....The new steamer just introduced into Edinburgh for highway locomotion is a complete success. The most important improvement consists in having the tyres of the wheels made of thick vulcanized India rubber. There is less loss of power than with rigid tyres, and the wheel goes with no difficulty over plowed ground, and noise and jolts are avoided. It is found quite easy to guide it even on the crowded streets, and to draw a heavy load up a gradient of 1 in 12.

....It is exceedingly rare that parrots have been known to breed in a domesticated state. In Guiana and Jamaica such an event is unknown. Yet Mr. Charles Buxton, of England, has succeeded with his parrots in quite a number of cases. The reason is that his large colony of from 25 to 50 are allowed perfect liberty; and, even in winter, never seek protection in the shelter provided for them, except in the case of severe storms. He reared cockatoos and green and gray parrots.

....When near the horizon the more brilliant stars show the beautiful phenomenon of colored scintillation. The colors thus exhibited exceed in purity those of the solar spectrum; and the light which flashes from the emerald, sapphire, or topaz seems dull in comparison. The most brilliant scintillator is Sirius, the famous dog-star. These tints are due to the strata of air near the earth, unequally charged with moisture. In the tropics, where the moisture is more uniform, the scintillation is far less brilliant, and hardly observed at all except close to the horizon.

....Professor Voit, of Munich, has been experimenting on pigeons. He removed the two hemispheres of the brain. They were not killed, but went to sleep for a few weeks with the head under the wing. After this long comatose period, they awoke and flew about, showing all the sensations of other pigeons; but would never partake of food of their own accord, and seemed to fear nothing. In the case of one young pigeon, the brain was replaced by a second growth, forming two perfect brain hemispheres, which united uninterruptedly with small portions which had not been removed.

....Dr. Tyndall has been investigating the effect of concentrated light on vapors. He finds that many vapors, as those of hydrochloric acid, nitrite of amyl, etc., are precipitated into minute globules, such as are familiar in the case of the precipitation of the transparent vapor of steam when issuing into cold air. These are often exceedingly brilliant, and form clouds of peculiar forms and gyrations. In the case of some substances, a period of nearly half an hour is required to develop the cloud in its full beauty. The method employed by Dr. Tyndall is to pass a beam of concentrated solar or electric light into a glass tube filled with the desired vapor. The room is darkened, so as not to obscure the result by extraneous light.

....Mr. Dilke believes that the banana plant is one of the great curses of tropical countries, because it will support life with no labor. It grows as a weed, and hangs down its bunches of ripe, tempting fruit into your lap as you lie in its cool shade. "It will make nothing; you can eat it raw or fried, and that is all; you can eat it every day of your life without becoming tired of its taste; without suffering in your health, you can live on it exclusively." "The terrible results of the plentiful possession of this tree are seen in Ceylon, at Panama, in the coast-lands of Mexico, at Auckland, in New Zealand. At Pitcairn's Island the plantain-grove has beaten the missionary from the field; there is much lip Christianity, but no practice, to be got from a people who possess the fatal plant. The much-abused cocoa-nut cannot come near it as a devil's agent."

....The report of M. Janssen on the spectroscopic observations of the late solar eclipse shows that it is quite possible to observe the protuberances about the sun at any time. They are proved to be vast clouds of incandescent hydrogen gas, subject to the most violent movements, such as nothing terrestrial can compare with. One such cloud was observed 45,000 miles distant from the sun's disk, which was 55,000 miles long and half as wide, parallel to the sun's limb. An hour later it had risen rapidly and was circular; ten minutes later it was enormously elongated in a direction at right angles to its first position—so rapid were the changes in shape of a cloud many hundred times the size of the earth. Mr. Lockyer, of England, made the same discovery, independently and with the same results.

....Hydrogen gas when heated so as to be luminous emits about 6,000 millions of millions of pulsations of light in each second. These travel at the rate of about 185 millions of miles a second. If this rate of travel be in the slightest degree varied, it perceptibly changes the position of the blue line which hydrogen exhibits on the spectrum. Mr. Huggins, of England, conceived the brilliant idea of examining to see whether the position of the hydrogen line as given by the star Sirius agreed with that of the same line as produced by hydrogen burning in a chemist's laboratory. To his surprise, he found an appreciable difference, showing that fewer pulsations reach us from Sirius than from his stationary hydrogen flame. This shows that, inasmuch as the velocity of the light is precisely the same in each case, Sirius must be receding from the earth at the rate of 29 miles per second. An extension of the same method would bring to our knowledge the long-concealed but suspected movements of the whole stellar universe, showing conclusively whether there is in it a grand system of revolution about some common center, analogous to the revolution of the planets about the sun.

Foreign Gleanings.

Mr. Bright has lately been dining with Queen Victoria, at Osborne, Isle of Wight.

....The shoemakers of England have started a weekly journal, to represent the interests of their trade. It is called the *St. Crispin*.

....Prof. Ewald, of Hanover, the celebrated theologian, has been acquitted of the charge of having libeled the King of Prussia in a pamphlet criticising the annexation policy pursued toward the Hanoverian kingdom.

....Prince Napoleon, who, though sick, has not lost his gift of epigram, said of the conference on the Greek question that it would be certain to meet, being so utterly useless.

....The elections in Spain have thus far turned out very unfavorably for the Republicans. The Monarchists have an immense majority. Some of the large cities, however, have returned Republican candidates. The Bourbonists are nowhere.

....The English residents in Florence have started a magazine, called the *Fleur de Lys*. There is quite an artistic and literary colony of English and Americans in the Italian capital, who ought to be well able to keep up a magazine. One of our New York contemporaries, however, makes a mistake in classing Robert Browning among them. Browning has been living in London for several years back.

....The *Saturday Review*, in an article named "The New Year," thus cheerfully describes the condition of the good citizens of London: "Londoners find that they are crushed by rates the burden of which increases every month, and the payment of which only seems to intensify the misery it is intended to relieve; and they walk about in a city where life and property are not much safer than in Mexico or Bologna."

....*Punch* inscribed his new volume, just published, to Gen. Grant. The dedication is in the form of a dialogue between the President-elect and Mr. *Punch*. The spirit of the thing is friendly and cordial, but the effect is at fun are very dreadful. The frequent use of the words "festive cuss" and "old hoss" seems the great idea of humor. The attempt at a likeness of General Grant is unspeakably absurd. The artist evidently never saw even a photograph of the General.

....The Paris correspondent of a London paper says that among the wealthy foreign residents of Paris are some fifty negro and mulatto families, who mix on terms of perfect equality with many families of the French aristocracy. The writer mentions the names of some of the dark-skinned families. The thing, no doubt, seems very surprising here; but the Parisians' wonder would probably be that anybody could feel surprised at it.

....The Belgian court of appeal has given judgment in the case of Mr. Frederick Doulton, the English member of Parliament, accused of fraudulent practices in connection with a Brussels Public Works Company. The court has ruled that Mr. Doulton's acts, although amounting to treachery toward the company, do not constitute a criminal offense in the eye of the law. He is therefore acquitted. It is a somewhat singular fact that Mr. Doulton's predecessor in the representation of the metropolitan borough for which Mr. Doulton lately was member was tried for forgery. He, however, was convicted.

....An Allahabad (East India) paper reports the confession of a Hindoo prisoner, who appears to have outdone all the famous poisoners of antiquity or later times in devotion to his hideous pursuit. He is not yet 21 years of age, and he has for two years been occupied in poisoning people. He is very frank, and says he regarded his victims merely as game; and he poisoned them because his village was rather dull, and he had no other way of amusing himself. He gives the names of twenty-seven persons he has poisoned; but thinks there were some more—he really can't quite recollect, as he kept no list.

....There is some talk again about the election of King Victor Emmanuel's second son, the Duke of Aosta, to the throne of Spain. The duke is said to be a gallant young fellow, with more brains and better character than the Italian Crown Prince Umberto. He fought bravely at Custozza, and was wounded there. General Cialdini's visit to Madrid was at first supposed to be for the purpose of making arrangements for the election of the Duke of Aosta. It now appears probable that Cialdini's visit originated the whole story, and that the visit is merely a private affair. Cialdini lived and served for a considerable time in Spain, has, we believe, property there, and often visits Madrid.

....The life of Audubon, by the Scottish poet, Robert Buchanan, seems to have been a complete failure. Mr. Buchanan, a true poet in his way, and a graceful essayist, knew nothing of Audubon's subjects, and was utterly careless about dates, facts, and all the practical business of a biographer. The life is valuable only because it contains, shoveled together any how, a great deal of Audubon's own diaries and letters. Why the preparation of such a work was ever entrusted to the hands of Robert Buchanan passes the wit of man to understand. Let us hope that, whenever the life of Agassiz comes to be written, the task may not be confided to the care of Algernon Swinburne.

....There is some talk in England of the cession of Gibraltar to Spain. Admiral Grey, of the British navy, now recommends that it be given up, on condition that England be allowed to take possession of Ceuta, a seaport on the African shore. The cession of Gibraltar has always been recommended by a certain section of English Radicals, of whom Goldwin Smith may perhaps be taken as a representative; but it is something new to find it urged by a British admiral. Gibraltar has long ceased to be the key of the Mediterranean, and is worth next to nothing as a harbor. The transfer of the Spanish fortress to Spain is in any case likely to be made by some English government before very long.

....A woman lately in London was seized with a desire to drown herself, her reason being temporarily affected. She flung herself into one of the canals. A policeman saved her, and took her all dripping to the nearest public house, and left her there. There she was stripped of every garment she wore, except her wet chemise, and thrust outside the door insensible. She lay there wet and nearly naked. Another policeman came along; and, assuming that she was drunk, he had her laid upon a stretcher and carried to the Bridewell. There she was stretched in her nakedness on the bare floor of the cell. Before morning she died. This was in Queen Victoria's capital—the capital which boasts itself the most civilized in the world.

....A remarkable murder case is now absorbing public attention in England. A man named Sheward has given himself up to the police, accusing himself of having murdered his wife nearly eighteen years ago. He lived at Norwich, and he continued to keep the secret of the murder for all the intervening years, until a few days ago, being in London, he happened to wander into the street where he first met his wife. Conscience awoke with the memories of the place, and he at once gave himself up and confessed the murder. It appears that the story is likely to prove true. About the time he mentions portions of the body of a young woman were found in Norwich, and Sheward's wife had disappeared sometime before. The whole case awaited full investigation.

....Prof. Goldwin Smith has written a letter to the editor of the *Beehive*—a London paper, which is the organ of the artisan class—explaining his reasons for not having come forward as a candidate at the late parliamentary elections. He says: "A rich man, either a Tory or a professing Liberal, would at once have come down upon me. I could not have afforded to fight him with my own money, and I could not have brought myself to accept pecuniary aid even from the most generous hands. A man may be bound to take a post of duty when he is called to it. But he is not bound to ruin himself, much less to degrade himself, in seeking it; and I could not have represented the workingmen except on terms consistent with their honor and my own. The upper class and the shopkeepers would have voted against me almost as one man; and I should have merely brought upon my friends and upon my cause a rather damaging defeat."

Pebbles.

"Not guilty," said an Omaha jury; "but, if the prisoner is smart, he will leave the territory before night." He left.

....How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" asked a vixen of her loving husband. "Till he got a wife," answered the husband, calmly.

....A teacher was explaining to a little girl the meaning of the word "cuticle." "What is that all over my face and hands?" said he. "It's freckles, sir," answered the little cherub.

....A maiden lady, alluding to her youthful accomplishments, said that at six months of age she went alone. A malicious individual present remarked: "Yes, and you have been going alone ever since."

....Teacher—"Come here, you young scamp, and get a sound spanking." Scholar —"You hain't got no right to spank me, and the copy you set sez so." Teacher—"I should like to hear you read that copy." Scholar (ready)—"Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's."

....There is an anecdote told somewhere of a dispute in which a boisterous, ill-bred fellow called his adversary "no gentleman." "I suppose you think yourself one," was the reply. "Certainly I do," answered the bully. "Then," said the other, "I'm not offended that you don't think me one."

....S. C. Hall related the following anecdote at the dinner-table of a distinguished poet in London: "A worldling was once visiting, in his illness, by a well-meaning but dolorous clergyman, who disfigured his countenance and wore a face of perpetual mourning. As his sad visage appeared in the doorway, the sick man started up and exclaimed: 'Why! what's the matter? You look as if your religion *didn't agree with you*.'"

....Hallo, this house," yelled a man on the steps of an up-town mansion, one cold night lately, at the same time ringing the door-bell violently. "What do you want?" asked the owner, cautiously thrusting his head from an upper window. "I'm your cousin from Shrewsbury, and I want to stay here all night." "Well, you may stay there in welcome, if you'll keep quiet and let the door-bell alone," said the hospitable fellow inside, as he shut down the window.

....The *London Builder*, speaking of the education question, says: "A traveler observed that, as he was walking on one occasion under the arcade of the Horticultural Gardens, looking at the works of art displayed there, he came upon two well-dressed ladies, examining a statuette of Andromeda, labeled 'Executed in terra cotta.' Says one, 'Where is that?' 'I am sure I don't know,' replied the other; 'but I pity the poor girl, wherever it was.'"

....Amelia, for thee—yes, at thy command, I'd tear the eternal firmament into a thousand fragments—I'd gather the stars one by one as they tumble from the regions of ethereal space, and put them in my trowsers-pockets. I'd pick the sun—that oriental god of day, that traverses the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendor—I'd tear him from the sky, and quench his bright effulgence in the fountain of my eternal love for thee." "Don't, Henry, it would be so very dark."

....A little girl, not six years of age, screamed out to her little brother, who was playing in the mud: "Bob, you good-for-nothing rascal, come into the house this minute, or I'll beat you till the skin comes off." "Why, Angelina dear, what do mean?" exclaimed the mortified mother, who stood talking with a friend. Angelina's childish reply was a good commentary upon this manner of speaking to children: "Why, mother, you see we were playing, and he's my little boy, and I'm scolding him just as you did me this morning."

Selections.

THE FIRESIDE CHAIRS.

HUSBAND TO WIFE.

The daylight gains upon the night,
And birds are out in later flight;
The cold enough to spread our hands,
Once now and then, to glowing brands.
So now we two are here alone,
We'll talk, with face to face, once more
Our places on the warm hearth-floor,
Where you shall have the window's view
Outside, and I can look on you.

When first I brought you home, my bride,
In yellow glow of summer tide,
I wanted you to take a chair
On that side of the fire—out there—
And have the ground and sky in sight,
With face against the window-light;
While I, back here, should have my brow
In shade, and sit where I am now—
That you might see the land outside,
And I might look on you, my bride.

And there the gliding waters spread,
Or waving elm-trees overhead,
Below the hill that slopes above
The path, along the high-treed grove,
Where sighing winds once whispered down
Of *Dunclift* on the crown
Of timber fall on sloping glades:
So you enjoy the greens and blue
Without, and I will look on you.

And there we pulled, within the copse,
With nutting-crooks the hazel tops,
That now arise, unleaved and black,
And there's the church, and spreading lime,
In clusters, on the beaten green.
All old sights, welcome than new,
And looked on, as I looked on you.

—*Barnes's Rural Poems.*

OLD HOUSES.

If his house is an ancient one, or ancestral, by so much the stronger are the ties that bind his affections to it; especially if it stand in an orchard, and have a good garden. Even if inconvenient in some respects, he will hesitate about pulling it down, in hopes of pleasing himself better in a new one. The genius that repairs an old house successfully may fail in building another. Besides, there were many comforts provided for by our ancestors, who were old Englishmen even here in New England, and knew well what a house was built for, and they built for that, against any odds of counsel or expense. Then it is fatal to take time out of a building, which so consecrates it.

An old house, well built, pleases more with the repairs rendered necessary than a costlier new one. There are good points about it which have been proved by a century or two; and these may be adopted as parts for preserving, while any additions may be made for holding the whole in keeping with the original design, or as improvements upon it. Perhaps there is a snug recesses and window-seats, spacious entries, hospitable stairways, wainscoting, finished summers running across the ceilings, a dry cellar, a good well, fence-rows in natural places, shrubbery which if not well set can be reset in the grounds, an orchard and garden whose mould is infused with the genius of years and humanized for culture. Then the tenement has its genealogy, and belongs to the race who have built into it history. Trees, too, venerable with age, it has, or it could not have been the residence of gentlemen. Outbuildings of any kind, useful or ornamental, have found their proper sites, and meet the eye as if they had always been there. It takes some generations to complete and harmonize any place with the laws of beauty, as these best honor themselves in that fairest of structures, a human mansion; which, next to its occupant, is the noblest symbol of the mind that art can render to the senses. One may spend largely upon it, if he have not outstripped his manliness in amassing the money. That is an honest house which has the owner's honest built into its apartments, and whose appointments are his proper ornaments.—*From Alcott's "Tablets."*

Professor Stuart.—Of the noted men of Andover, the one whom I remember best was Professor Moses Stuart. His house was nearly opposite the one in which I resided, and I often met him and listened to him in the chapel of the seminary. I have seen few more striking figures in my life than his, as I remember it. Tall, lean, with strong, bold features, a keen, scholarly, accipitrine nose, thin, expressive lips, great solemnity and earnestness of voice and manner—he was my early model of a classic orator. His air was Roman, his neck long and bare like Cicero's, and his toga—that is, his broad-cloth cloak—was carried on his arm, with such a statue-like, rigid grace that he stood, and looked noble by the side of the antiques of the Vatican.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Commercial Notices.

S. P. Q. R. were the inspiring characters inscribed upon the conquering banners of the heroic Romans; but D. P. S. are characters which delight our modern nations. They are the initials for David's Prize Soap, which we are told is sold at every respectable grocer's, and is warranted to be the greatest dirt eradicator known to modern science. The manufacturer has *forty years'* experience in the making of laundry soaps, and *he* ought to know what good soap is by this time. Try it; you'll like it.

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, January 28th, 1869.

SANE AND INSANE.

THE feature which most distinguishes modern from ancient civilization is the treatment of the unfortunate classes. And there is no better test of the progress of Christian civilization than the improvements which have been made in this direction within the last hundred years. Much less than a century ago insane persons were regarded the subjects of demoniacal possession. They were the objects of shocking cruelties, which sprung from fear. The madhouses were hells on earth. Bedlam was one of the sights of London. Straw and darkness, chains and whips were the chief remedies administered to minds diseased; and these by vulgar and brutal keepers of the rank of turnkeys. Less than a century ago it is evident that the famous slave-trader turned divine, John Newton, as well as Cowper, the poet, believed the lunacy of the latter to be the effect of diabolical agency, permitted by Providence for a time and for a special purpose.

About that very time, however, a better day had dawned. Dr. Charles Cotton, himself a minor poet of some merit, was almost if not quite the first to treat lunatics on humane and philosophical principles. It was to his skill that Cowper owed his partial restoration, and that the world owes his charming poems and still more charming letters. The madness of George III. brought the Quaker doctor, Willis, to public notice, and drew general attention to his system for the treatment of this terrible disease. A disease terrible indeed, but yet one of the most treatable, if taken in season. It was at the time of the French Revolution that this application of science to humanity was made in France. And it was in the very hight of the Reign of Terror that the experiment was first tried of taking off the chains from the most furious maniacs, and mitigating their madness by ameliorating their condition, and using kindness and humanity instead of fear and force as the methods of their treatment. Much, indeed, of the improvement in the management of the insane is due to the enlightened skill of the French physicians.

Since the beginning of this century great advances have been made in the science of the cure or alleviation of insanity. And we are quite as far advanced in this country as in Europe in this particular. And we believe that there are fewer abuses connected with this branch of therapeutics here than there. For there are much fewer private madhouses in the United States than in Europe. The insane of all conditions are, as a general thing, treated in public institutions, subject to regular visitation and constant supervision from without and above. Of course, there is much less danger of these being perverted into the instruments of private selfishness or malice than establishments more removed from constant inspection. Shocking abuses in this kind were found to exist in the private madhouses in England before Lord Brougham instituted an inquiry into their conduct and obtained legal [illegible] and personal responsibility for them. Cases still occasionally come to light which show that the cure has not yet gone to the bottom of the mischief.

That such cases may occur in our own institutions occasionally is not impossible. But that they happen frequently is most unlikely. Persons unacquainted with the characteristics of the disease may without much difficulty be persuaded that an insane person is sane. For the symptoms are often carefully concealed through the very morbid skill of the patient himself. And insanity is well known to coexist with great powers of mind. Cowper, for instance, for nearly forty years, suffered under the delusion that all the misery which had ever existed in the world was owing to the wrath of God at his own sins; and that he would drop into hell the moment he died. Under this delusion he three times attempted suicide. And while thus suffering he wrote the poems which will be the delight of the English speaking race as long as the language endures. And one of the most powerful, as it is the most dreadful, of his minor poems—"The Castaway"—was written shortly before his death, when plunged in the very abyss of moody madness. And a learned foreigner recently deceased, composed laborious works, requiring great skill and exactness, while an inmate of an insane asylum, and an unquestionably proper inmate of it.

But, while a common observer might easily be made to believe that a lunatic is a sane person, it is next to impossible that a trained observer, dealing habitually and scientifically with diseased minds, should mistake a sane person for a lunatic. If there be cases of sane persons detained in asylums to subserve private ends, it must needs be that the physician in charge is an accomplice in the crime. To make this probable some sufficient inducement must be shown. In private madhouses, kept by the class of persons who often kept them in England, the motive of high pay might easily be supposed to operate. But in our public institutions the pay of the superintendent is in no way affected by the number of his patients; while his work is very materially increased, and especially if he have to deal with a sane man. He could have no inducement to commit so grave a crime, at the constant risk of detection and ruin, unless we suppose the very improbable one of bribery and corruption. But, while we think that the panics which occasionally prevail as to the danger of being shut up in a madhouse while sane are to be classed with the fears of being buried alive or murdered to supply subjects for the dissecting-table, we do opine that some more careful provision should be made by law for ascertaining the mental condition of a patient before committing him to an asylum. We believe that, almost everywhere, the certificate of one or at most two physicians is all that is necessary for this purpose. Now though it is most improbable that men of the rank and character of the superintendents of our asylums should be bribed to keep a sane man in confinement, it is by no means impossible that doctors might be found to commit him to it for a consideration. This may be and should be guarded against by law; and on another occasion, perhaps, we will state how we think it may be done.

THE WASHINGTON COUNCIL.

A FEUD made public and talked about, the gossip of the streets and the favorite scandal of the public prints, is a very hopeless quarrel. To heal it will task the counsel of the wisest mentors, not to say the grace of God.

Such a case the late ecclesiastical council in Washington had before it. The geographical prominence of the church, the appeals which it has made to its sister churches for aid, the ability of its pastor, who was also chaplain of the House of Representatives, and the reputation which the leading member of the minority has earned as a Christian soldier, all conspired to give the unseemly dissension an undue prominence. Partisans on both sides had rushed before the public, and criminations and recriminations were loosely tossed forward and backward in newspapers and pamphlets. The unwise and, we think, unchristian attitude of Dr. Boynton toward the colored applicants for church-fellowship was not the sole cause, though it was the occasion, of the outbreak.

The members of the council went to Washington earnest to heal the breach. They listened with remarkable patience and earnest attention to the testimony of both sides. Having demanded and at last with great difficulty secured the admission of their right to give any advice they should think best, even to the recommendation of the pastor's withdrawal, they drew up a result which strikes us as remarkably fair to both parties, and adapted to secure, so far as anything short of the knife can do it, the restoration of harmony to that church.

If now pastor and people will heed the advice given, and correct the errors so plainly indicated, and, above all, if neither of the late parties shall reopen the quarrel before the public, we shall hope for peace. THE INDEPENDENT has taken a deep interest in that church, and yet hopes for it a vigorous life of labor for Christ and for his poor brethren.

We say nothing can be more unwise than the reopening in any way of the question after the wise decision of the council. Better wait till we see whether its advice is followed. We, therefore, regret that the *Congregationalist* should have interpolated the official Result of Council with conspicuous headings to the various paragraphs, in marked contrast with the calm nature of the document, and which cannot but be offensive to the pastor and his friends. We no less regret that our own correspondent should last week have again opened the breach by what we cannot but regard as a representation of the case even more unfair to the minority. We, therefore, give a fair synopsis of the full action of the council, a part of which was omitted in our correspondent's account of last week.

They first state that it is a misfortune to the church, and probably to some extent a source of its troubles, that the pastor is not a member of it, but ministerially connected with a distant presbytery—a fact which has not unnaturally occasioned doubts of his sympathy with Congregational methods. Secondly, While the church and pastor have admitted and maintained the fundamental theories of Congregationalism, there have been grave and dangerous errors in the administration of the church, among which is the fact that it has had no manual or code of rules; that, in the absence of such a code, the pastor and deacons have assumed the sole right to call church-meetings, and that petitions for a meeting, signed by numbers of the members, have been dependent for success on the will of the pastor and the deacons who have sympathized with him; and such attempts have, in fact, sometimes been unsuccessful. Anything more foreign than this to the principles and practices of Congregational churches it would be hard to imagine. Again, the proceedings of the church in suspending a member from its communion were radically defective. In that case the board of deacons assumed undue power; no specifications were presented to the accused, and no sufficient time allowed for defense. No man or woman of a just and sensitive self-respect would consent long to be exposed to the perils to reputation and happiness involved in such a mode of conducting church discipline. Again, it is unfortunate that, in the examination of candidates by the pastor and board of deacons, such inquiries should have been made as left on some the impression that they would not be admitted unless they came as supporters of the pastor; still more unfortunate that in one case a paper should have been presented by the pastor himself to a number of those who desired to enter the church, pledging them to an agreement with the views of himself and his friends; and most of all is it important that a committee of the church, speaking in the name of a majority of its members, in a pamphlet which has been widely circulated, should have declared that they "will not permit the welfare of the church to be imperiled in the future" by the admission to it of any persons hostile to the pastor. To add such a qualification as this to the proper conditions of membership in a church of Christ is not merely an injustice to individuals; it unsettles the foundations of the church itself. Again, the method of conducting church-meetings has at times been unparliamentary, and questionable technicalities have been made use of to the denial of the rights of members. The theory that the majority is the church, itself untrue, has been pushed to a disastrous extent. On the subject of caste the council recommended to the church to renew most emphatic expressions of its principles—that of color or race the church is ignorant. In the church there is neither white nor black, only redeemed souls. The question of color ought not to be known to the church, and it was not only unfortunate that the doctrine of separate churches for colored Christians was introduced by the pastor, but no such theory is in the proper province of the church. For vigorously opposing that theory the minority were not blameworthy. Their conduct was not factious, but was a devotion to principle. Again, both parties are condemned for issuing harsh and irritating pamphlets, filled with injurious charges, which have aided in dividing the church into two hostile camps. After thus distributing their kind censure, the council expressed its appreciation of the distinguished ability of the pastor who has gathered as large a Protestant congregation as there is in the city, and finds that the fervent attachment to him of a majority of the members is creditable to themselves and honorable to him; while the minority—forty-two to forty-four—are also those for whose Christian character the council entertain the highest regard, including one, especially, whose past career as a Christian soldier has endeared him unspeakably to his countrymen, while his efforts on behalf of this church have been from the first a principal source of its strength and success. On the question whether it would be possible to secure the desired peace under the present pastorate the council declined to express an opinion. If the present quarrel is to continue, the establishment of the church will be a cause of regret.

We have given as nearly as possible in the very language of the document the Result of Council. We do not care to estimate the balance of censure and reopen invidious comparisons. Our readers can judge for themselves how correct our correspondent was in saying that "the pastor and church were exonerated from essential error," while the course of the minority was "pointedly condemned." We are astonished that he should have gone out of his way to stigmatize the *ex parte* council as "an abortion," and should have asserted that the minority were condemned for calling it, when no such word of censure was spoken, and the subject is not even alluded to.

That church has an indefeasible right as a Congregational body to retain its pastor, if he chooses in such circumstances to remain, notwithstanding the opposition of never so strong a minority. The late minority had a tower of strength in Gen. Howard, in whose simplicity, clearness, and firmness of Christian judgment the people will not soon lose faith. If the church will correct its errors of management, and especially if it shall clearly set itself right before the public on the question of caste, we trust that there may yet be that peace and brotherly love which properly characterize a Christian society. If such shall be the attitude of the church, then let the dead past be buried.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH has written a letter to the *Beehive*, a London paper representing the workingmen and trade organizations of England, to explain and vindicate the reason of his sudden disappearance from the field of English politics. The letter, of which we give an extract in another column, is dignified and manly, although somewhat despondent in tone. Mr. Goldwin Smith declares that he found it impossible to comply with the wish of his friends and the workingmen generally that he should enter Parliament as a champion of the political and social interests of the artisan. The reason is simple and strong. He found that to stand a contest with any chance of success would cost so much money that he, a modest literary man and scholar, could not afford the luxury; and he would not accept assistance from any other hand, however generous or disinterested. Moreover, the chances were many to one that in any case he would be defeated. He declares, as the result of his experience, the firm conviction that money is omnipotent at English elections—that there is hardly any constituency in England where money will not carry everything before it.

Long before the late elections in England, and when people here and there were expecting the return of the Saturnian reign from the new Reform Bill, we told our readers in advance what Goldwin Smith now tells as the result of his own experience. Money was more powerful at the recent English elections than at any others which have taken place during our time. The *Saturday Review* condemns Goldwin Smith (it never much liked Goldwin Smith since years ago he withdrew in disgust from his place as a contributor to its columns) for having written such a letter, and accuses him of exaggeration and of malicious depreciation of his own country. We assert that no words that even so eloquent a man as Goldwin Smith can use could exaggerate the base influence of money at the English elections. To get into the English Parliament without spending money is in any case an impossibility; and no man of moderate means dare contest a seat with a rich man, unless he is willing to brave utter ruin. If he should succeed at the poll, the rich man can destroy him by presenting a petition against his election, and dragging him through the frightful expense of the proceedings which follow. This is not the case in other countries. What does it cost the modest literary men, such as Eugene Pelletan, for instance—men probably with far less money than Goldwin Smith—to get elected by their Paris constituents, in despite of all that government influence, and terrorism, and gold can do? Nothing, or next to nothing. What did it cost the Prussian Liberals to fight government candidates, and get elected time after time, when a few years ago the government thought to crush them by frequent dissolutions? Something so small that it would hardly be noted down in the petty cash returns of an English election-agent. We know many of the French Opposition, we know several of the Prussian Liberals, to be poor men. We know that a poor man, whatever his merit or his genius, does not and cannot sit in the English Parliament, unless he sit as the hireling of a party or is returned by virtue of the contributions of his admirers. Somebody must pay for him; and we respect Mr. Goldwin Smith all the more because he declined to be paid for by anybody. As a general rule, we are strongly opposed to the principle of political secession. We object to any one retiring from his post merely because he fancies he can do no good by remaining there while evil influences are too strong to fight against. Fox did immense harm by his secession from Parliament. But Goldwin Smith's plea is unassailable. He could not get into Parliament, except by consenting to a principle and sanctioning an expenditure which his conscience as a man and his feelings as a gentleman alike repudiated and condemned.

Now we regard as a phenomenon, which every Englishman who loves his country ought to study with anxious and painful interest, this fact that a man like Goldwin Smith can find no place in that which professes to be the representative assembly of the English people. We would ask the most prejudiced Briton alive whether he thinks a nation can long retain a place in the front of civilization when the door of her representative council can only be opened by a golden key?

MONEY AND MISSIONARIES.

THERE is one thing that money cannot do. It cannot do the missionary work of the churches. In the Divine economy there is no method of proxy for doing Christian work. Yet this is what is being attempted. The city streets and alleys are full of practical heathen so far as a knowledge of the Gospel is concerned. Under the shadow of the fashionable church dwell scores of families that are strangers to the Word of Life. Thousands of the neglected poor daily look up to the church's spire, and think not that it points to Heaven. And the very most that is done for these people is to send to their door, at long intervals, a hired city missionary. It is not his fault that he is hired, or that he is a city missionary. But it is the fault of the church of five hundred members that, instead of having five hundred missionaries to do this work, they have but one.

This is not the proper method of tilling the Lord's vineyard. A Christian man cannot give ten or twenty dollars to a city missionary and say, "This will make up his salary, and end my duty in the matter." Nor can the church say, "We support a missionary, and that balances our account of Christian work." No absolute proxy labor of this description can please the Almighty. A church cannot grow under such a system. The age demands and Christ calls for individuals, and every Christian is now deemed to be a missionary. Money will not buy the exultation of soul that comes from speaking religious words to the irreligious. The millionaire cannot purchase the feeling a man has who has said to others, "This is the way," pointing them to Christ. The same is true of a church filled with millionaires, or with men who pay a missionary a thousand dollars a year and never feel it. For the very reason that they do not feel it the act blesses nobody. Because it is so cheap, they and their families and their church do nothing, and, consequently, die of spiritual inanition. Simon of old thought the "gift of God could be purchased with money." We think our money will bring in converts to righteousness, and procure a Divine blessing. On every hand multitudes of churchmembers are dying of laborious idleness. The cry sometimes comes up for work—for something to do; but the silencing reply is, "We have a neighborhood missionary, and your services are not needed." The "Master's business" is too important for the committal of it altogether by any church to a proxy. When Commodore Foote was in Siamese waters, the king was his guest. The Commodore asked a blessing at his table. The king straightened himself, and remarked: "Why, that's like the missionaries!" The Commodore replied that *he* was a missionary. So are all Christians missionaries, at home and in their own church. And, if work is the law of growth, men and women cannot afford to keep their religion to themselves, or to shock their next-door neighbors by sending into their houses strangers hired to do what Christ's love in their own hearts should prompt them to do themselves.

Some subtle spiritual discovery may one day reveal the fact that our missionary dollars go no further in doing good than we fervently follow them with our prayers.

Editorial Notes.

WE learn with pleasure that Oberlin College has for six years past been on the list of institutions receiving aid from the "Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education at the West." We mention the fact because a remark we made last week may have been understood to imply the contrary.

....We would call the attention of ministers and Sunday-school superintendents to "The Children's Play," in the February number of *Our Young Folks*. It is admirably calculated for an evening spent for pleasure or charity; and whoever will take the trouble to get the play up in any social circle will be amply rewarded for his pains.

....Not one of the Republican senators who voted against the impeachment of Andrew Johnson has as yet been able to secure a re-election. Norton, of Minnesota, is sure to have the seal of condemnation set upon him by his constituents; and we hope that Morrill, of Maine, who was set aside, not without regret, for Hamlin, will in turn be preferred to Fessenden in 1872.

....The *National Intelligencer*, in an article eulogistic of President Johnson, says that "by the act of God he became President." Without denying that the phrase may be interpreted in a sense which is true, we cannot but be struck with the readiness of this political advocate of predestinarianism to acknowledge the blow of the assassin as an "act of God," in language as direct and unqualified as was ever employed by any advocate of the "Five Points" of Calvinism. Men in earnest are apt to write so.

....The *Religious Telescope*, the excellent organ of "The United Brethren in Christ," (a denomination that deserves to be more widely known), copies what we lately said about progress at Oberlin, as indicated by the fact that Lucy Stone, who, when she graduated, was not permitted to read her thesis, was lately invited there to lecture, says: "In Otterbein University, United Brethren, founded just twenty-one years ago, no distinction as to privileges has ever been made on account of sex. We believe every class that has graduated has comprised both ladies and gentlemen; and they have uniformly appeared together upon the platform on commencement occasions to contest the honors of scholarship." The *Telescope* is published at Dayton, Ohio. Where is Otterbein University?

....Dr. Spear's articles on "The Historic Jesus," now in course of publication in these columns, have attracted no little attention. They are certainly as felicitous in style as they are strong in argument, and their candor is so marked as to impress even those who dissent ever so widely from the writer's views. Three numbers more will conclude the series. A clergyman, writing to us from Saratoga, says: "Will you please inform me if those articles by Dr. Spear on "The Historic Jesus" are to be published in book form. They are alone worth three times the subscription price of your paper. I am studying that subject; and, if these articles are to be published in a book, I shall want to get hold of them." We cannot answer our correspondent's question; but it may perhaps lead to the fulfillment of his wish.

....At the convention of colored men held not long ago in Pittsburgh, Mr. Coulter, who was born in the South, and who said he had never been to school a day in his life, told this story: He was in Georgia during the war, and at one time had an opportunity to assist three Union prisoners to escape, which he did *by rowing them three hundred miles*. Afterward he went to Washington, with papers recommending him as worthy of some consideration. He arrived in the city just after President Lincoln had been assassinated. He showed his papers to President Johnson, and was told by that modern Moses that he was a free man, and that ought to be sufficient compensation. He then went to see Capt. Robert Lincoln, and by him was taken to Secretary Stanton, who gave him a hundred dollars and bade him a hearty God-speed.

....Our article, printed last week, on the election of U. S. senators in several states was necessarily written before the news of the said elections could be received; and, in assuming that what everybody believed would surely happen in the legislature of Indiana had actually come to pass, we were led astray. We have now to say that Mr. Cumback, the regular Republican nominee, was not elected, some of the Republican members of the legislature refusing to vote for him. He was subsequently withdrawn, and Hon. Daniel D. Pratt nominated and elected. Mr. Pratt is one of the ablest lawyers of the state, is about 40 years old, and weighs 400 pounds! We were also in error in saying that Mr. Stockton had been elected in New Jersey; but he will no doubt be chosen before this sheet is in the reader's hands. In Wisconsin the contest resulted in the nomination by the Republicans of Hon. Matthew H. Carpenter, who was no doubt elected on Tuesday.

....Mr. Bergh's good example is proving contagious. The movement inaugurated by him in this city for the prevention of cruelty to animals, which soon led to a similar effort in Boston, has now enlisted the support of the good people of Philadelphia, where a large meeting was held last week in the Academy of Music, for the purpose of enlisting sympathy and support to a society lately organized. Among the speakers on the occasion was Rev. Phillips Brooks, one of the most eloquent and influential ministers of the Episcopal Church. Mr. Bergh also made an address full of pertinent and telling facts, which must have made a deep impression. It is several years since the Progressive Friends of Pennsylvania adopted a testimony on this subject, which, though it was welcomed by a few thoughtful minds, awakened no small amount of ridicule. We hope to see the subject taken up by the pulpit, the press, and religious bodies of every kind, believing as we do that cruelty to dumb animals is as much a violation of the spirit of Christianity as cruelty to human beings, and the sin is so common as to call for earnest rebuke and remonstrance.

....Gen. Grant has rendered another service to his country—he has "squelched" the Inauguration Ball. At least, he has written a letter which, unless the promoters of the scheme are as anxious to display their dancing as Herodias herself, will probably have the effect of throwing cold water on the project. For the present, therefore, we may assume that Columbia gives up all thought of imitating the *Grande Duchesse* in her mode of celebrating a national victory. The following is General Grant's short and satisfactory letter:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE U. S.,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 20th, 1869.

Thomas L. Tullock, Esq., Secretary, etc.:

DEAR SIR:—Understanding that the committee of which you are secretary meet this evening for the purpose of arranging for the Inaugural Ball; I venture to drop you a line, to say that, if any choice is left to me, I would be pleased to see it dispensed with. I do not

Publisher's Department.

SLANDERS REPELLED.

[THE INDEPENDENT has hitherto made no reply to the preposterous and unscrupulous assaults made upon it of late in various quarters, being willing that its readers should form their judgment of its character from its own columns, and trusting to their sagacity to discover, under all the fair disguises they have assumed, the real motives and purposes of its assailants. The publisher now breaks this silence so far only as to copy the following letter, which appeared last week in the *Methodist Recorder*, the organ of the Protestant Methodist Church, at Springfield, Ohio.]

THE INDEPENDENT.

REPLY TO DR. MAHAN.

To the Editor of the Methodist Recorder:

Dear Sir:—A friend has just called my attention to your journal of Dec. 30th, in which I find an article by Rev. Asa Mahan, D.D., filled with misrepresentations of THE INDEPENDENT, its editors, and publisher. The "managing editor" is declared to be "a known and acknowledged infidel." You will, I am sure, allow me, as the person accused—not on my own account so much as for the sake of justice to THE INDEPENDENT—to say in your columns that this is a false and wicked charge, without warrant and without excuse. If Dr. Mahan did not know that he was bearing false witness against me, he certainly *did* know that he had not a particle of evidence, drawn from my life or lips, to support his defamatory allegation. The Jews who pronounced Jesus a blasphemer pretended at least to justify themselves by referring to his own words; but Dr. Mahan has not even this excuse, for he cannot quote a line or word of mine that can lend even plausibility to his charge. I have been, from my youth up, as all who know me can testify, "a believer in the religion of Christ," and have ever "professed" that belief; so that, if the definition of the great American lexicographer is to be accepted, I have a right to call myself a Christian. The religion of Christ is the source of all comfort for myself, and of all my hopes for mankind. As I have lived, so I expect to die, in the faith thereof.

The attempt to fasten infidelity upon THE INDEPENDENT through me, therefore, is alike preposterous and wicked; and not less so is the attempt to find a justification for the charge in what the paper itself has said of John Stuart Mill, since it has done no more than to affirm and honor Christ's own rule, "The tree is known by its fruits." Mr. Mill may not cry "Lord, Lord" in concert with Dr. Mahan; but Jesus himself expressly says: "*Not* every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven; but HE THAT DOETH THE WILL OF MY FATHER which is in HEAVEN." In other words, it is obedience to the will of God, as exemplified in the life, that can alone warrant us in calling any man a Christian. Now, THE INDEPENDENT has not affirmed that Mr. Mill is an *evangelical* Christian, or that he is doctrinally sound; but only that he is a Christian in that he Christ's rule, whatever errors of doctrine he may entertain. Dr. Mahan evidently comes to his conclusions *per saltum*—or, according to his own orthography repeated again and again in his "Natural Theology," *per soltum*. I believe he does gross injustice to Mr. Mill in describing, or attempting to describe, the religious opinions of that eminent man, but, however this may be, he states what is utterly false when he says that THE INDEPENDENT has affirmed that Mr. Mill favors "the openly avowed atheistic church [the church of Comte] in London." It has affirmed, on the contrary, that Mr. Mill rejects the religion of that church; and it has published his own card, wherein he challenges any one to find in his writings a line or word to support the charge that he is an atheist. Moreover, when this charge was basely brought against him by English Tories, eminent ministers of the English Church promptly declared it to be a slander. And yet Dr. Mahan, in his hostility to THE INDEPENDENT, is not ashamed to repeat the exploded libel, and to proclaim it an unquestioned and unquestionable truth!

Dr. Mahan also misrepresents utterly what THE INDEPENDENT said of Emerson. We have been publishing of late a series of brief papers, under the title of "Live Americans." Of one of these sketches Mr. Emerson was the subject. Not a word did that sketch contain, however, in relation to his theology. As a literary man, a poet, and a philanthropist, he was very highly commended, in words which any evangelical Christian might consistently employ. Mr. Emerson, it is well known, is not orthodox in his theology; but must a religious journal, on that account, deny him all merit as a literary man, and mention his name only to blot it with a stigma? Such may be Dr. Mahan's method; but THE INDEPENDENT ventures to think there is "a more excellent way."

Dr. Mahan declares that "infidels" have proclaimed it to the world that the Editor proper [of THE INDEPENDENT] is in full sympathy with their views and designs, and intends, through his skeptical correspondents, to sow the seeds of infidelity among the people." Now, I challenge Dr. Mahan to show when and where "infidels" have made any such proclamation. If he shall neither prove his charge nor retract it, your readers may judge for themselves what epithet should be branded into his forehead. If any enemy of Christianity has hoped to find an ally in THE INDEPENDENT, it is because, not having read the paper himself, he has too readily given credence to the misrepresentations of men who, having failed to make it subservient to their ambitious designs, basely seek to give it a bad name.

What Dr. Mahan's definition of Christian may be I do not know; but, judging from the article before me, I should infer that he is one of those who would deny that name to any one who does not hold what he regards as orthodox opinions. If, for example, he were asked to admit that Henry Ward Beecher is a Christian, he would probably reply by an ominous shake of the head, if he did not even pronounce him an infidel. Such being the case, it is not strange that he should doubt the Christianity of the editor of THE INDEPENDENT, whose orthodoxy is of the Beecher and not the Mahan type—Mr. Beecher being his teacher and pastor.

Equally deluded, or equally reckless of truth is Dr. Mahan in asserting that the circulation of THE INDEPENDENT has "diminished from seventy-five to forty-five thousand." So far is this statement from the truth that all the opposition waged against it has been as ineffectual as would be a bombardment of Gibraltar with paper pellets. Its enemies, in seeking to pull it down, only advertise its claims and draw good men to its support. I venture to say that its subscription-list contains at this moment more than three times as many names of evangelical ministers as can be found on the books of any other religious newspaper in this country. In the light of this simple fact, how foolish and malignant is all the din and clatter about "infidelity" which its enemies choose to keep up!

OLIVER JOHNSON,
Editor in Charge.

INDEPENDENT OFFICE, N. Y., Jan. 6th, 1869.

OUR BROOKLYN SUBSCRIBERS,

such of them as have heretofore been served by carrier, will hereafter receive their papers through the mail, and will be obliged to pay the regular postage quarterly in advance to the letter-carrier. We shall give them credit for the balance due them on account of carrier's fees.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

BELOW will be found a statement of the *sworn* returns of the proprietors of five religious newspapers in this city. These returns show the gross amount of receipts during a period of three months, ending December 31st, 1868. The sum of $1,250 is deducted from each statement, (according to law), so that the Government tax is not collected on the full amount. The reported receipts of the five religious papers referred to were as follows:

New York Observer	$34,571
New York Evangelist	10,850
Examiner and Chronicle	7,714
The Methodist	7,400
Christian Leader, formerly the Ambassador	2,500
Total amount	$53,154

During the corresponding period (three months) the gross receipts of THE INDEPENDENT were **$87,439.84**. In view of the figures here presented, we believe and assert that the receipts of THE INDEPENDENT are now greater than those of the entire religious press, of all denominations, in New York, put together. Advertisers are beginning to find out the facts in regard to our extensive circulation, as our broad pages show every week; and they are convinced that THE INDEPENDENT is now by far the best and *cheapest* medium in the country through which to communicate with the public. There are many religious papers in this city and elsewhere which don't begin to pay current expenses; and they have a circulation so small that no advertiser would for an instant think of using them if the real truth in reference to that matter was known. We could name one boastful and youthful concern out of this city, which has been the past year and is *now* running behindhand at the rate of $25,000 *per annum*; and yet it would have the public believe it is prospering. Its proprietors begin to realize that they have brilliant prospects before them for spending all their surplus funds. THE INDEPENDENT is *already* the largest, best, cheapest, and most prosperous religious paper in the world; but we have only *begun* to execute our plans in reference to its usefulness and extended circulation. Time will show that the whole pop-gun fraternity of envious and jealous grumblers about THE INDEPENDENT (now few in number) have wasted all their ammunition to no purpose. We are sincerely grateful for all their gratuitous advertising; and hope, if they *must* illustrate the good old Puritan doctrine of total depravity, they will be permitted to point their Quaker guns directly at us.

"The Work Goes Bravely On."

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

DURING the month of December we entered on our mail-books the names of *thirty-seven hundred and fourteen new subscribers*; and during the first twenty days of this month we added thirty-seven hundred and sixty-seven NEW NAMES. All the above are *new subscribers*, not before on our books; and in every case the money ($2.50) accompanied each name. Some newspaper offices count all *renewals* from old subscribers as new subscriptions. In the above announcement we don't, of course, include any renewals from old subscribers.

If any other religious newspaper in the country has done *one-half* as well as the above, during the corresponding period, we should be glad to know it. *All may speak at once.*

RITCHIE'S ENGRAVING.

WE must beg the indulgence of our subscribers, a few days, in sending Ritchie's Engraving. The orders are rushing in upon us far more rapidly than we anticipated when we announced this splendid premium. We have already sent out nearly *six hundred* copies of this beautiful work of art, and in no single instance has there been the least complaint. All express great admiration and entire satisfaction. We have ordered *fifteen hundred* copies more, and Mr. Ritchie will print them as fast as possible. We are two weeks behind our orders, but hope soon to catch up and supply every demand. We keep a careful record, and shall fill every order received upon the "first come first served" principle. We say again that we positively *guarantee entire satisfaction* to all persons ordering this great premium. If, on its receipt, they don't like it, upon the terms proposed, we will in every case promptly refund the money and cancel the subscriptions.

TO CAPITALISTS.

WE invite the special attention of any person seeking employment, to the advertisement (headed $15,000 to $20,000), in another column, of a highly respectable party in Connecticut, who wishes to extend an already safe and profitable business.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY OF BOSTON, by saving the expense of collecting agents, is enabled to give away in its work *all that is given to it*. Economy is its principle. Those who want the *whole amount* of their donations to go for benevolence will find this society's method *just the thing*.

The Independent.

PREMIUMS.

Subject in every respect to **TERMS** on First Page.

Putnam's Monthly Magazine.

Steadily and rapidly growing in merit and popularity, and a great favorite in tens of thousands of families.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Putnam's Magazine* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Putnam*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Putnam's Magazine* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Monthly.

Always rich, racy, and readable, popular alike with old and young, splendidly illustrated, and worthy of its extensive patronage.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Monthly*—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Monthly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

The Galaxy.

Bold, talented, liberal, attractive writers, fine stories, and every way deserving its high position and great prosperity.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *The Galaxy* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The Galaxy*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *The Galaxy* one year to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Weekly.

A favorite everywhere and with everybody; and all our subscribers, of course, will order it through us at the reduced price.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $3 50—and *Harper's Weekly* for one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Weekly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Weekly* one year as a present to any new subscriber that for periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Bazar,

with its fashion-plates, illustrations, engravings, and minute instructions in regard to all matters pertaining to the toilette, is regarded as indispensable authority in all "good society."

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Bazar* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Bazar*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Bazar* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

American Agriculturist.

More than a hundred thousand farmers and others take it, and pronounce it first-rate. It is also a great favorite with city gentry, and alike a necessity and a luxury.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *American Agriculturist* for one year—price $1 50—to any person who will send us $3 75; or we will send the *American Agriculturist* one year as a present to any person who will send us the names of two new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

National Sunday-school Teacher, of Chicago.

Altogether the best, cheapest, and most popular Sabbath-school monthly in America, and worthy of a place in every family. Friends of the young should labor earnestly for its extensive circulation; and, if possible, introduce it into every Sabbath-school class and Bible-class in the nation.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *National Sunday-school Teacher* (monthly) for one year—price $1 50—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The National Sunday-school Teacher*) who will send us $3; or we will send the *National Sunday-school Teacher* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Carpenter's Book,
SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This book has now a world-wide reputation, and those who desire perfect familiarity with the beautiful life and character of Abraham Lincoln should have it without delay. We have already given away nearly twenty thousand copies, and are ready to send broadcast a hundred thousand or five hundred thousand more.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and "Six Months at the White House"—price $1 50—postage paid to any person who will send us $3; or we will send "Six Months at the White House" as a present to any person who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Worcester's Unabridged Pictorial Quarto Dictionary.

We will present this great, this magnificent unabridged pictorial dictionary—price $10—to any person who will send us the names of six new subscribers, with the money ($15), or to any person not in arrears who will renew his subscription for eight years and pay us $20. This splendid volume, of eighteen hundred and fifty pages, is becoming more and more popular wherever the English language is spoken, and by thousands it is pronounced vastly superior to any other dictionary in the world. It is worth a whole library of ordinary trash, called books, and should be owned and placed on the centre-table for daily consultation and study in *every family*. Our favorable contract with the Publishers enables us to offer it for the trifling effort of obtaining six new subscribers. Reader, if you are destitute, go to work.

RITCHIE'S
Celebrated Steel Engraving of Hicks's famous and beautiful Oil Painting, entitled
"Authors of the United States."
HUNDREDS ALREADY GIVEN AWAY, AND EVERYBODY IS DELIGHTED WITH IT.

This magnificent, this wonderful steel engraving—size 19 by 35 inches—is one of Ritchie's finest productions, and would be a splendid ornament to hang in any parlor or library in the United States. It contains a good-sized likeness of the following distinguished authors:

IRVING.	BANCROFT.
BRYANT.	PARKER.
COOPER.	BALDWIN.
LONGFELLOW.	MOTLEY.
MISS SEDGWICK.	BUTLER.
MISS STODDARD.	CURTIS.
MRS. SOUTHWORTH.	EMERSON.
MITCHELL.	H. B. DANA
BELLOWS.	MARGARET FULLER (OSSOLI).
HOLMES.	CHANNING.
KENNEDY.	MRS. STOWE.
MRS. MOWATT RITCHIE.	MRS. KIRKLAND.
ALICE CAREY.	WHITTIER.
PRENTICE.	LOWELL.
G. W. KENDALL.	BOKER.
POE.	BAYARD TAYLOR.
TUCKERMAN.	SAND.
HAWTHORNE.	WOODARD.
SIMMS.	MRS. AMELIA WELBY.
R. PENDLETON COOKE.	WEBBER.
HOFFMAN.	COZZENS.
PECIOT.	BALLECK.

The lowest price of this beautiful engraving is $14. We have purchased the steel plate, at a cost of $4,500, and now offer to present a copy of it, *free of charge*, to any person who will send us the names of four new subscribers, with the money, $10, or who will renew their own subscription for four years and pay us $10. The engraving will be delivered at our office, or it will be carefully packed and sent free of charge to any part of the country where there is a post-office—but not further West than Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota. We believe this premium honestly to be the most valuable and beautiful present ever offered by any newspaper for four new subscribers. Perfect satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed, *or the money will be refunded*. In every case, and to all persons who order this engraving on the liberal terms proposed.

Grover & Baker
SEWING-MACHINE.

GREAT PREMIUM FOR 1869.

Sewing Machines Given Away BY THOUSANDS.

A MAGNIFICENT OFFER TO Every Subscriber of The Independent.

TO EVERY READER,
AND TO EVERY PERSON
Wanting a Perfect Sewing Machine,

TAKE NOTICE.

GROVER & BAKER'S world-renowned No. 23 Family Sewing Machine, with hemmer and tucker complete, sells for $55, cash. We will present such a machine to any person who will send us the names of TWENTY-TWO new subscribers (see terms on first page), which, at our usual rates, $2 50 each, is $55—*just the cash price of the machine.*

We simply want the names (with the money) of *twenty-two persons* who do not take our paper, and who really subscribe for it; they may be sent one at a time, or all together; they may be at one post-office, or more than one—we are only particular that they shall be *bona-fide new subscribers.* On this liberal offer we shall expect to send one of these indispensable household articles into almost every village in the country.

There are thousands of very worthy but poor women connected with our churches who may be rendered comparatively independent if they can be furnished with a sewing machine. To obtain it, and easily too, it is only necessary for some friend to make a move. A clergyman writes us that he announced publicly to his congregation that they might be called on to subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT, in order to supply a needy family with the means of self-support—a sewing machine. The object was speedily accomplished, and the family no longer lived on charity. Those who think "charity begins at home" will, of course, need only a slight "stirring up" to induce them to practice their principles in such a good cause.

The best gifts are those that have a permanent value, that do not deteriorate with use, or lose their interest and importance with the lapse of time.

There are very few purchasable *household* articles which retain their value, and all the time yield a splendid interest on the investment; but among them we must put down first a GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine. This modern miracle, this magic seamstress, with exact eye and tireless fingers, not only repays over and over again in a very short time the money spent in its purchase, but is capable of becoming a small fortune to its possessor.

It is the most valuable gift that a husband can make to his wife, a father to his daughter, the benevolent to the poor, or a congregation to their minister's wife.

It is not only a household assistant, worth the labor of three or four pairs of hands; but it is a life annuity, a perpetual security against absolute want. A clever operator on a GROVER & BAKER Machine can always find remunerative employment, all the more because it accomplishes so wide a range of work.

Any first-class Sewing Machine is good for a gift, and possesses a certain value. But we recommend the GROVER & BAKER, *because it is the best;* because it accomplishes the most and the best work with the least trouble; because the stitch is the most durable, as well as the most beautiful; because it is the only one adapted to all kinds of work, and every variety of material; because it is more simple, more easily understood than others, and requires no delay in rewinding, fastening, and the like.

There are many other reasons which we could give; but these will suffice with the crowning one—that it never fails to give the most entire and perfect satisfaction.

Persons intending to take advantage of this offer, and sending the subscribers' names as they obtain them, will please state in each instance that they are sent on this account.

All subscriptions sent under this offer must begin with the number of the paper NEXT AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE MONEY.

Remittances must be made by post-office money-order, bank-check, or express (paid).

Address (with full directions how to ship the machines),

HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER,
No. 3 Park Place, N. Y.

NOTICES.

REMEMBER THE YOUNG MEN!

The Directors of the American Education Society desire to call the attention of the Congregational churches through the land to the following statement: This Society has at present under its care *two hundred and fifty-four* young men in a course of preparation for the ministry. About one hundred and fifty of these are connected with colleges and theological schools in New England, and the rest are in the Middle and Western States. Since the beginning of the present collegiate year we have added to our list *seventy-four* new men. By the appropriations voted to day our treasury is completely exhausted. The surplus accumulated during the war, in consequence of our greatly reduced number of young men, and an unusual income from legacies, is entirely consumed, and immediate help must come from the churches, or THE APPROPRIATIONS MUST BE MADE IN PART, MUST BE WITHHELD AT THE NEXT QUARTERLY MEETING IN APRIL.

Let it be understood that this is no common appeal, but one of the most urgent necessity. And we look especially that this call may be heeded by the churches out of New England as well as by those in New England. We have reached a time when it will be simply impossible for us to bestow our aid so widely among the destitute in the Middle and Western States unless our churches in those portions of the country bear some substantial part in this work. There is a very large number of our churches that for a long time have made no offering to this cause. And yet it is a fact, generally recognized and acknowledged, that the work of training for the Christian ministry is one of the most vital importance. Let us, then, make this matter upon the immediate attention of pastors and churches at large. Never before have there been in the history of the Society when young men in this course of study, by reason of the general excitement in the times, have more pressing needed aid than now. The Society has been conducted for many years on the principle of avoiding the expense of agencies; and in this crisis we can only make our appeal to the churches, whose servants we are, and leave upon them the responsibility of deciding the question what shall become of these young men.

SETH SWEETSER,
JULIUS A. PALMER,
DANIEL R. CADY,
INCREASE N. TARBOX,
SAMUEL C. JACKSON,
ISAAC E. LAN WORTHY,
JOHN M. PINKERTON,
JACOB M. MANNING,
JOSEPH EGINTON,
EDMUND K. ALDEN,
JOSEPH W. WILLIAMS,
CHARLES C. BURR,
Education Rooms, 15 Cornhill, Boston, Jan. 15, 1869.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Three Cord Silk Finish
AND
Six Cord Soft Finish
Spool Cotton.

The latter particularly adapted for Sewing Machines, as will be seen by the following certificate from the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co.:

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No. 625 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, March 24, 1868.

We beg to call the attention of the public, and our Agents to the NEW SIX CORD THREAD of the WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO., which we have thoroughly tested in our Machines, and find it perfect in its strength. Good Thread is essential to the successful working of Sewing Machines, and we have always encouraged its improvement. The WILLIMANTIC COMPANY has made especial efforts to meet our wishes, and a MILLION of DOLLARS in building and organizing a New Factory. Now, with improved machinery, it has achieved a success even surprising to itself. We furnish on a Machine a Six Cord Thread which we commend to our Agents and all interested, and request a trial of it with another Sewing Machine.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Geo. S. Moulton & Co.,
Sole Agents in New York,
101 CHAMBERS ST.

COMMUNION SERVICES.

In addition to our extensive assortment of Silver-Plated Ware for family use, we are making a specialty of the manufacture of Communion Ware, in great variety, and of chaste and appropriate designs. Liberal terms made with religious societies. Photographs, showing the various styles, will be sent by mail on application.

ADAMS, CHANDLER & CO.,
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KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY ALL ISSUES OF
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WE GIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION TO
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AND ALL SERIES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR 5-20 BONDS.

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which may be made and withdrawn at any time, and will be entitled to interest for the whole time they may remain with the Company.

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WILLIAM H. MACY, } Vice-Presidents.
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VANDERBILT L. BUXTON Secretary.

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565 & 567 BROADWAY,

CALL THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC TO THEIR ELEGANT AND VARIED ASSORTMENT OF

NICKLE SILVER
AND FINE
WHITE METAL
ELECTRO PLATED
TABLE WARE

MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY FOR THEM BY THE
MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMP'Y.

J. RUSSELL & CO.,
GREEN RIVER WORKS.

We now offer to the Trade a new line of goods, bearing the above Trade-mark. These are made of the best materials, tempered and finished with all possible care, and are in every respect superior to imported Cutlery.

All of our

CARVING AND SLICING KNIVES

so stamped are warranted perfect in temper and durability of edge.

CAUTION.—Since the success of our new Patent all Steel Silver-plated Knife was established, a number of imitations have appeared in the market, all of which are infringements upon our Patent-rights and cannot be relied upon. Be sure that your goods bear the Trade-mark of "J. Russell & Co."

Sets of 37, 49, and 73 pieces, in Rosewood and Silver Cases, for Wedding and Holiday Presents, for sale by all dealers.

OFFICE, 83 BEEKMAN ST., N. Y.

THE
Union Pacific
RAILROAD COMPANY
OFFER A LIMITED AMOUNT OF THEIR
FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS
AT PAR.
1,000 MILES

of the line West from Omaha are now completed, and the work is going on through the Winter. As the distance between the finished portion of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads is now less than 250 miles, and both companies are pushing forward the work with great energy, employing over 20,000 men, there can be no doubt that the whole

GRAND LINE TO THE PACIFIC

will be open for Business in the Summer of 1869.

The regular Government Commissioners have pronounced the Union Pacific Railroad to be FIRST CLASS in every respect, and the Special Commission appointed by the President says:

"Taken as a whole, the UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD has been well constructed, and the general route for the line exceedingly well selected. The energy and perseverance with which the work has been urged forward, and the rapidity with which it has been executed, are without parallel in history; and in extent and magnitude of undertaking it has never been equalled." The Report concludes by saying that "the country has reason to congratulate itself that the speedy work of national importance is so rapidly approaching completion under such favorable auspices." The Company now have in use 137 locomotives and nearly 2,000 cars of all descriptions. A large additional equipment is ordered to be ready in the Spring. The grading is nearly completed, and the distributed for 120 miles in advance of the western end of the track. Fully 120 miles of iron for new track are now delivered west of the Missouri River, and 50 miles more are *en route*. The total expenditure for construction purposes in advance of the completed portion of the road is not less than eight millions of dollars.

Besides a donation from the Government of 12,800 acres of land per mile, the Company is entitled to a subsidy in United States Bonds, on its line as completed and accepted, at the average rate of about $29,000 per mile, according to the difficulties encountered, for which the Government takes a second lien as security. The Company has already received $24,000,000 of this subsidy.

Government Aid—Security of the Bonds.

By its charter, the Company is permitted to issue its own FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS to the same amount as the Government Bonds, *and no more.* These Bonds are a First Mortgage upon the whole road and all its equipments. Such a mortgage upon what, for a long time, will be the only railroad connecting the Atlantic and Pacific States takes the highest rank as a safe security. The earnings from the way or local business for the year ending June 30th, 1868, on an average of 423 miles, were over FOUR MILLION DOLLARS; which, after paying all expenses, were much more than sufficient to cover all interest liability upon that distance, and the rates for the last five months have been $2,386,870. They would have been greater, if the road had not been taxed to its utmost capacity to transport its own materials for construction. The income from the great passenger travel, the mails, freights, and the supplies for the new Rocky Mountain States and Territories must be ample for all interest and other liabilities. No political action can reduce the rate of interest. It must remain for thirty years—*six per cent. per annum in gold*, now equal to between eight and nine per cent. in currency. *The principal is then payable in gold.* If a bond with such guarantees were issued by the Government, its market price would not be less than from 20 to 25 per cent. premium. As these bonds are issued under Government authority and supervision, upon what is very largely a Government work, they must ultimately approach Government prices.

The Price for the present is PAR and accrued Interest in currency.

Subscriptions will be received in New York

AT THE
COMPANY'S OFFICE, 20 Nassau street;
AND BY
JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers, No. 59 Wall street;
and by the Company's advertised agents throughout the United States

Bonds sent free, but parties subscribing through local agents will look to them for their safe delivery.

A NEW PAMPHLET AND MAP WAS ISSUED OCT. 1st, containing a report of the progress of the work to that date, and a more complete statement in relation to the value of the bonds than can be given in an advertisement, which will be sent free on application at the Company's offices or to any of the advertised agents.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer, N. Y.
JAN. 20, 1869.

WALTER T. HATCH. NATHL. W. T. HATCH.

W. T. Hatch & Son,
Bankers and Dealers
IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 34 Wall Street, N. Y.,
BUY AND SELL AT MARKET RATES

U. S. 6 per Cent. Bonds of 1881. Coupon and Registered.
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And all classes of Government Issues.

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Interest Allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
ORDERS IN
GOLD, RAILWAY STOCKS, AND BONDS
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BUY, SELL, or EXCHANGE, and keep constantly on hand for delivery, for cash or on margin, U. S. Bonds, GOLD COIN and COUPONS Bought and Sold at market rates.

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EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.
PARIS, 1867.
WHEELER & WILSON, No. 625 BROADWAY, N. Y., Awarded, over Eighty-two Competitors
THE HIGHEST PREMIUM,
A GOLD MEDAL,
for the perfection of Sewing Machines and Button-hole Machines. The only Gold Medal for this branch of manufactures.

DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM.

This highly efficacious and popular medicine astonishes, by its good effects, every CONSUMPTIVE sufferer who makes use of it; and those who have tried a thousand remedies in vain will never regret its trial. A few doses will give proof of its superiority over all other remedies known.

Mme. Jumel's Toilet Preparations are in great demand among the ladies. 697 Broadway. Also for sale by the principal dealers in fancy variety.

REED & BARTON,
TAUNTON, MASS.,
Established 1824,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE NEW PATENT
SEAMLESS LINED ICE-PITCHER.

Pronounced by Dr. Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, to preserve Water *PERFECTLY PURE*, while in others, made in the usual manner of two different metals soldered or welded together (thus forming a *galvanic arrangement*), the water, after standing for one hour, was found to contain traces of *LEAD AND COPPER*, and in four hours *SUFFICIENT METAL HAD BEEN DISSOLVED TO RENDER THE WATER DELETERIOUS TO HEALTH.*

Are also the Manufacturers of the finest quality of

ELECTRO-PLATED NICKEL SILVER AND White Metal Table Ware,

of every description, including a large variety of *new and elegant designs*, which are sold by the principal dealers in the United States, *with our guarantee* that the goods are made of the best quality of metal *and plated full weight of silver.*

The HIGHEST PRIZE FOR SILVER-PLATED WARE was awarded to REED & BARTON by the American Institute, New York, in 1867.

Office and Show-rooms at the Factory, Taunton, Mass., and No. 194 Broadway, New York.

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OLDEST AND BEST MAKERS.

REDFIELD & RICE.

4 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

No goods you purchase are so liable to deceive as

SILVER-PLATED WARE.

The slightest wash of silver will finish up, and to the many be as good as the best. Look well to the maker.

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS

we have made *one regular standard grade of goods*, and placed our name on each piece of ware as our guarantee of its quality. The consequence is a steady and increasing demand for our trade-mark from the best trade, and an unsullied reputation with consumers.

A written guarantee given with each purchase, if requested.

CHURCH, TEA, AND COFFEE SETS, AND URNS, CASTERS, CAKE-BASKETS, AND FRUIT-STANDS, ICE PITCHERS, SALVERS, AND WINE-STANDS.

No. 4 Maiden Lane.

NATIONAL LIFE
Insurance Company
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Chartered by Special Act of Congress.

Cash Capital - - - $1,000,000,
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To which all general correspondence should be addressed.

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CLARENCE H. CLARK, President.
JOHN E. DEVEREUX, Vice-President and Executive Com.
HENRY D. COOKE, Chairman of Finance and Executive Com.
EMERSON W. PEET, Secretary and Actuary.

THE ADVANTAGES

Offered by this Company are:

IT IS A NATIONAL COMPANY, CHARTERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF CONGRESS, 1868.

IT HAS A PAID-UP CAPITAL OF $1,000,000.

IT OFFERS LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.

IT FURNISHES LARGER INSURANCE THAN OTHER COMPANIES FOR THE SAME MONEY.

IT IS DEFINITE AND CERTAIN IN ITS TERMS.

IT IS A HOME COMPANY IN EVERY LOCALITY.

ITS POLICIES ARE EXEMPT FROM ATTACHMENT.

THERE ARE NO UNNECESSARY RESTRICTIONS IN THE POLICIES

EVERY POLICY IS NON-FORFEITABLE.

POLICIES MAY BE TAKEN THAT WILL PAY INSURED THEIR FULL AMOUNT AND RETURN ALL THE PREMIUMS, SO THAT THE INSURANCE COSTS ONLY THE INTEREST ON THE ANNUAL PAYMENTS

POLICIES MAY BE TAKEN WHICH PAY TO THE INSURED, AFTER A CERTAIN NUMBER OF YEARS, DURING LIFE, AN ANNUAL INCOME OF ONE-TENTH THE AMOUNT NAMED IN THE POLICY.

NO EXTRA RATE IS CHARGED FOR RISKS UPON THE LIVES OF FEMALES.

IT INSURES NOT TO PAY DIVIDENDS TO POLICY HOLDERS, BUT AT SO LOW A COST THAT DIVIDENDS WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE.

GENERAL AGENTS
OF THE COMPANY:

JAY COOKE & CO., New York, for New York State and Northern New Jersey.
JAY COOKE & CO., Washington, D. C., for Delaware, Virginia, District of Columbia, and West Virginia.
E. W. CLARK & CO., for Pennsylvania and Southern New Jersey. R. S. Rossell, Harrisburg, Manager for Central and Western Pennsylvania.
J. ALDER ELLIS & CO., Chicago, for Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa.
Hon. STEPHEN MILLER, St. Paul, for Minnesota and N. W. Wisconsin.
JOHN W. ELLIS & CO., Cincinnati, O., for Ohio and Central and Southern Indiana.
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A. M. MOTHERSHEAD, Omaha, for Nebraska.
JOHNSTON BROTHERS & CO., Baltimore, for Maryland.
NEW ENGLAND GENERAL AGENCY,
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Independent.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

[G. D. Osgood 1868.]

Here is the place of the prophet's seat,
From which one sees, if in holy frame,
The guarding lines of the volumes meet
Like God's own angels with wheels of flame.

Here in this spot not not long ago
The hand of the master dropped his quill;
Here are the scraps of his work, which show
His busy thought and his ready skill.

He sat beyond us, and talked with men
Of mighty mysteries dimly seen,
As though he looked with the sages, when
God raised the veil which had hung between.

These were his friends—from all the earth,
And many a tribe and tongue diverse:
Whether of home or foreign birth,
He held their reasoning none the worse.

Here, like the two who wrought of old
At cunning work for the sacred tent,
He planned the hangings and placed the gold,
And on the temple his service spent.

The nations brought in their willing hands—
God's very messengers!—things of cheer;
And he, still searching the widest lands,
Had gathered treasure from far and near.

What if the prophet's age has passed!
What if the time has gone away
When heavenly law and truth were cast
Across the common, unvaried day!

This was at least a prophet's room;
Here, at the least, his guards were set;
Here, and in spite of death and gloom,
The honor and praise are dwelling yet.

O fettered shapes of the elder world,
Whom only this prophet rightly saw,
You form an army, whose flags unfurled
Bear up his motto, "For Truth and Law!"

S. W. D.

RELIGION IN PRISONS.

BY E. C. WINES, D.D.,

Cor. Secretary of the N. Y. Prison Association.

"Religion in prisons!" I seem to hear the reader exclaim; "is there any such thing?" I answer, not only without hesitation but with emphasis: "Yes, there is." Long and wide observation of prison-life has convinced me that all is not bad inside of prison-walls, any more than all is good outside. No doubt the proportion of pious convicts to the whole number incarcerated is comparatively small; yet the aggregate is considerable. It could be greater if the means to that end were more ample, and were applied with a larger faith. The majority of convicts, though hardened, are not scared; and they are particularly susceptible to genuine kindness, as this is a quality they have seldom met in their contact with the world.

Prior to the time of John Howard, the physical condition of the inmates of English prisons was loathsome to the last degree; and their moral degradation, their irreligion, the coarseness and brutality of their minds, kept even pace with the disease and misery of their body. Chapels and chaplains at that time formed no part of the penal institutions of the country. In a sermon preached before Edward VI., Latimer lifted up his voice against the heathenism of the London prisons. "O," said he, "I would ye would resort unto prisons, a commendable thing in a Christian realm. I would there were curates of prisons, that we might say, 'The curate of Newgate,' 'The curate of the Fleet.'" In the reign of Elizabeth, Bernard Gilpin regularly visited all the prisons within the range of his missionary circuit, and preached to their inmates. The ministers ejected from their pulpits and imprisoned for non-conformity preached abundantly, and not without success, to the prisoners in the jails. When the "Godly Club" was formed in London, more than a century ago, its members first offered their ministrations to the prisoners in the Castle. The good work, once begun, was not lightly abandoned. For many years Whitefield, the Wesleys, and the more zealous of their followers, prayed, preached, and distributed alms in all the jails, bridewells, and bedlams within their circuits; and it was only on compulsion that they at length gave up this part of their mission. In the storm and tempest of their unpopularity the doors even of prisons and madhouses were shut against them. It was then that John Wesley said: "We are forbidden to go to Newgate, for fear of making them wicked; and to Bedlam, for fear of making them mad." Henceforth he and his brother Charles discontinued their prison visitations.

But not all the band were so deterred from these labors of love and mercy. Sarah Peters, a woman noted for the fervancy of her prayers and charity, despite the jail-fever then raging in the prisons, took her life in her hand and ministered, day by day, in the name of God, to all the poor wretches under sentence of death, till at length, her work being done, she sickened and died. But her mantle fell on a warm-hearted man, named Silas Told, who for 25 years devoted his energies to the spiritual welfare of condemned malefactors in every part of England.

In the year 1773—the same in which Howard became high sheriff of Bedfordshire, and entered upon his great work of reforming prisons—an act was passed by Parliament authorizing the justices to appoint chaplains to their jails. This was the first official recognition of the fact, as far as I know and believe, that prisoners are within the pale of salvation. Happily, for the honor of humanity and the progress of civilization, it was not the last. The English prisons of all grades are now well supplied with chaplains—most of them men of piety, character, and worth, and some distinguished for great and shining abilities.

In our own country, as late as 1826, there was scarcely a resident chaplain in any of our state-prisons; and, of course, not in any of an inferior grade. The whole sum at that time expended for religious instruction in all the state-prisons of New England scarcely exceeded the pittance of $500. In most of the prisons only an occasional service was held on the Lord's day, and in none did the chaplain live at the prison or perform any official work during the week. In New York, the Rev. Mr. Stanford—whom some of our citizens will remember as then almost an octogenarian—served as chaplain of the state-prison in the metropolitan city, and also of the penitentiary, the bridewell, the debtor's jail, the city hospital, and the almshouse—three penal and two eleemosinary institutions, containing together 2,000 to 3,000 inmates. In New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia no provision whatever was made for the moral and religious instruction of the inmates of their prisons; and there was literally a famine of the Word of God.

This state of things was exposed and suitably commented on in the report of the Boston Prison Discipline Society for that year. The effect of its strictures instantly appeared. Resident chaplains were placed the very next year in Auburn and Sing Sing, whose labors proved in a high degree both acceptable and profitable. The same year a Sunday-school was organized in the Auburn prison—the first, probably, ever formed in any penal institution; certainly the first in America. The privilege of attending it was embraced with avidity and thankfulness. Both at Sing Sing and Auburn the chaplains read the Scriptures and offered prayer every evening in the corridors of the prison, as well as conducted public worship in the chapel on the Lord's day.

Still more decided progress was made in the year 1828. In the Maine state-prison a chapel was built and a weekly service instituted. Vermont doubled her appropriation for supplying her convicts with the means of grace. Massachusetts employed a chaplain to devote his whole time to the religious welfare of the inmates of her state-prison. Connecticut wheeled into line. In New Jersey a chapel was fitted up in the prison, and the members of the Theological Seminary at Princeton preached to the prisoners every Sabbath, distributing religious tracts at the same time. In the Maryland penitentiary the Methodist brethren regularly conducted religious services each Lord's day, once in winter and twice in summer. In Ohio the Presbyterian Synod appointed and sustained a minister to preach statedly in the prison at Columbus.

The good work continued to move forward, until in 1836—ten years from the first waking up of an interest in this subject—resident chaplaincies had been established in a goodly number of state-prisons, prosperous Sunday-schools had been formed in not less than a dozen of these institutions, and a copy of the Bible had been placed in almost every prison-cell in the land.

Many and precious were the fruits of these agencies. The Scriptures were constantly read by multitudes of convicts, and in cases not a few their pungent truths penetrated the conscience as a nail in a sure place. The number of teachers employed in the various prison Sabbath-schools exceeded a hundred, and the convicts taught in them fifteen hundred. Besides the religious truth imparted, large numbers were taught to read. In Auburn alone four hundred had gained a competent knowledge of this important science who were totally ignorant of it when committed to prison. The prisoners generally conceived a strong affection for their chaplain, as their best friend and counselor. Numbers were morally reformed through their labors; and some, there is reason to believe, spiritually and savingly converted.

I will not further pursue the religious history of our prisons; but I propose to offer a few remarks, with a view of showing the present state of religious instruction therein, and the encouragements held out to Christian labors in the same.

Much the larger portion of our state-prisons are now provided with resident chaplains, who give their whole time and strength to this work. Sabbath-schools are established and prosperously conducted in three-fourths or more of these prisons. A noble band of earnest workers, male and female, partly from among the officers but chiefly from outside, are engaged as teachers in the schools. Nor do they all confine themselves to giving lessons on the Sabbath. Not a few interest themselves in procuring situations for discharged convicts—one of the best services that can be rendered to this class of persons.

In the last report of the Kansas state-prison some exceedingly interesting facts are stated by the chaplain. This zealous and efficient man does not limit his religious labors to the set services of Sunday, but holds several social meetings for prayer and conference during the week. He entered upon these labors not for pelf; but from a pure love of the work, and because he believed that souls could be converted and saved in a prison. Nor has he been disappointed in his hope. In a single year he has gathered a prison church of thirty members, thirteen of whom he baptized; and to all he administers, at proper times, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. This is the only prison church in the United States; but there is one in the provincial penitentiary at Kingston, Canada.

A convict prayer-meeting was organized in the male prison at Sing Sing by the then chaplain, Rev. John Luckey. At first it was held once a fortnight; but for a number of years the service has been weekly—every Wednesday afternoon. It began with a mere handful—a half-dozen or so; but it gradually increased till the membership reached 150, and there were frequently a hundred in actual attendance. The chaplain presides; but the prayers and exhortations—short and to the point—are by the prisoners themselves. I have been present at this meeting several times, and have rarely enjoyed any religious service more. The prayers and addresses were short, direct, simple, earnest, fervent. This meeting has been productive of great good. A considerable number of convicts have professed conversion as the result of it; some of whom—perhaps I might say not a few of whom—on their liberation, have joined Christian churches and maintained a credible profession.

Although there is no church organization at Sing Sing, yet the chaplain has baptized many on confession of their faith. I was once present when this ordinance was administered to seven. The chaplain requested me to converse personally with each of the seven. One case interested me exceedingly. It was that of a young Jew, whose story, as then and there related to me, was substantially this: When first committed, he was placed in a solitary cell till such time as he should be assigned to labor. The only thing in it, besides a bed and stool, was a copy of the Bible. He took it in his hand, and it opened of itself at the Sermon on the Mount. He had never seen a New Testament before, and had been taught that it was filled with the most horrible blasphemies. He read a few verses; and then, from mere prejudice, flung it at the wall, and let it lie for several hours in the spot where it fell. Then something impelled him to take it up again. He did so, and read on; and, as he read, he became so fascinated by it that he read through the Four Gospels. Then he turned back and read the Old Testament, already familiar to him, but now giving him new ideas. He read on, telling nobody what was going on in his mind—and, of course, without influence from any person—until he became convinced that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah foretold by the prophets of his nation. Then he went to the chaplain, and asked to be further instructed; and at last was baptized and became a true Christian.

Spending part of a day lately at Charlestown prison, Massachusetts, I learned from the chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Carleton, the most singular larceny I ever heard of. Three of the convicts had stolen a prayer-meeting! The way it was done was this: Three men, who worked in the same shop, and had received serious impressions from the Sunday exercises, conferred with each other, and agreed that it would do them good to meet and pray together. This was against the rules. So they found an old shed near their workshop, where lumber and rubbish were stowed; and every day they would steal out there for ten or fifteen minutes, hold their prayer-meeting, and go back to work again. For some time they escaped detection; but at last the keeper found them out. He did not, however, like to take the responsibility of stopping them. So he reported the matter to the deputy warden, who felt the same hesitation, and reported the case to the contractor, for whom the men, now increased to four, were at work. He, too—probably thinking that, as the proverb says, "meat and mass never hindered work"—winked at the pious fraud; and for some months they continued to keep their stolen prayer-meeting in the prison-shed.

I have scarcely passed the threshhold of my subject; and yet I feel that I have reached the proper limit of such a paper. One object, however, which I have had in view in writing it would be lost if I did not add a sentence or two more. I have desired to interest Christian people in prisoners to such a degree that they will pray and, as they have opportunity, labor for their spiritual welfare. Most prisons are freely open to the efforts of judicious men and women who are willing to work in such a field. Let it be remembered that John Howard and Mrs. Fry, that Louis Dwight and Miss Dix, were volunteer workers. The feeling is quite common with prisoners that persons who, of their own accord, visit them and labor for their improvement must have their interest at heart, and cannot be working merely for pay. This feeling adds to the power of such instruction, a fact which should certainly serve as a stimulus to effort in this direction. The ties which convicts in this way form with the pure and good, feeble as they may appear, are often of inestimable value to them after their liberation. This is shown by the large number of offenders who have become respectable and useful members of society through the instrumentality of such volunteer workers in our own and other countries. Let Christians whose home is near a prison ponder this matter, and judge what their duty is.

Book Table.

AMERICAN REVIEWS.

The *North American Review* we noticed in our last issue.

Silliman's Journal is as purely scientific as ever, and a real credit to American scholarship. We shall be glad when a philological journal of equal ability is supported on this continent. The substance of Professor Owen's contribution we have already given in our column of scientific intelligence. Meteors and Mauna Loa come in for their usual share of attention. We cannot too often recommend this, and the kindred *American Naturalist*.

The *Quarterly of Physiological Medicine* treats of the relation of the physical and the mental with the theory that the mind is only the succession of nervous phenomena which we call thoughts. It is able, and such topics as "The Mental Faculties at the Approach of Death" will excite curiosity, and satisfy it so far as medical science is now capable of doing.

Among the religious quarterlies the old *Bibliotheca Sacra* always takes the precedence which an honored history gives. One of its best articles is on the old subject of the origin of the first three Gospels. Dr. J. P. Thompson's Notes on Egyptology are always interesting. We rejoice that there is one man in the country who follows up the literature of this most interesting department of historical antiquities. But what scholar have we who will do the same for the scarcely less fruitful field of Assyrian antiquities?

The *New Englander* is becoming, taking it all in all, the most satisfactory of all our quarterlies. A real enterprise is shown in securing striking and able discussions of vital secular as well as religious topics. This January number very ably defends the system of disciplinary education employed in our best American colleges, while the System of Instruction in West Point is described in another valuable article. "The Renaissance in China," by Prof. Martin, of the new Imperial College in Peking, is exceedingly interesting, and will give a better view of Young China, which now has control of the government, than anything else we have seen. It will not be many years, we believe, before Chinese immobility will cease to be a proverb. Dr. Leonard Bacon, full of his curious ecclesiastical history, again attacks incidentally the principles of Presbyterianism. It is remarkable that he, though a Congregationalist, was one of the committee of the General Assembly of 1831 to whom Albert Barnes's heretical sermon was referred. The review of English books is excellent. Those in foreign languages are ignored.

The *Princeton Review* we have not received.

The *American Presbyterian Review* contains an article by Dr. Leonard Withington. No matter what he writes, it is always shrewd and sparkling. He could, if any one, put the spices of Araby into the apples of Sodom. Presbyterian history is discussed in three articles, and an unsatisfactory screed on Assyria and her Monuments is copied from an English Review.

The *Methodist Quarterly* is ever a new surprise. It has two noticeable articles: the one on the Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man being the best that we have seen on the subject, and ably vindicating the late introduction of the human race on the earth. As a piece of scientific argument, it is far superior to Dr. Patterson's article, covering the same ground, in a late number of the *Princeton Review*. Indeed, with Dr. Patterson, Professor Andrews, and Professor Jewell, the present writer, all of Chicago, that city seems to hold almost a monopoly of the subject of the antiquity of man. But the article on the Negro in Ancient History attracts an especial notice. It is learned and able, full of ancient lore, and written by a *full-blooded negro*.

The contents of the *Theological Eclectic* are not at all remarkable. We cannot imagine how it can require seven learned editors, who are also professors, to select three articles from English magazines.

The *Congregational Review* will be eagerly scanned for Mr. Jewett's Reply to the criticisms of his review of the Immersionist version of the Bible. It proves him a formidable antagonist; and, if severe, is not so grossly personal as are Professor Conant's replies to him.

The *Congregational Quarterly*—or, rather, its January number—is always an indispensable necessity to its denomination. One hundred pages are taken up with statistics; and they are, thanks to Dr. Quint, more complete and satisfactory than those of any other religious body in the country.

—*Little Rossie* is the charmingly written story of the life of Roswell Park Perry, who at five years of age received an injury which made him a hopeless invalid, and who lived on, much of the time in great suffering, until his fifteenth year, when death came to his release. Though published by the Massachusetts Sabbath-school Society, this book does not belong to the class of biographies of which Nathan Dickerman and Addison Pinner were shining examples. *Rossie* was not one of those boys who without effort are always good. He was full of life, and will, and nervous sensibility; and the severe pain to which he was often subject made it extremely difficult for him to be patient and gentle. Yet, through the love of Christ he acquired self-control and resignation, and was able, even in his moments of agony, to say, "Thy will be done." Altogether, the book is one which no one can read without sympathy, and admiration, and benefit. Rev. E. N. Kirk says of it: "I have here seen God's wisdom and love in his dealings with a little child. I should think children would be attracted to this narrative by the great naturalness and vivacity of its descriptions, and its genuine, truthful portraiture of one of their own class. After all that is said and the more that is thought unfavorable to memoirs, it will remain true that nothing on this globe has any interest comparable to that belonging to the history of an immortal spirit; and some features of childhood possess a peculiar charm, which, like the blossom, fades out when the plant is ripening into the maturity of fruit." And, from abroad, Mr. E. A. Grosvenor, associate of Dr. Hamlin in Robert College, Constantinople, writes: "My copy of *Little Rossie* has gone hither and thither among the Eastern boys and young men, awakening the deepest interest, and coming back to me faded and stained with tears."

—Books "sold only by subscription" reach an immense number of readers who live far from book-stores, and can be supplied with reading-matter only through the "book-agent." Publishers of such books are learning that it pays best to issue the best books. One of the very best of them which we have seen is Conybeare and Howson's *Life and Epistles of St. Paul*. It is a work, as our ministerial readers well know, which combines the interest of a novel with the most thorough scholarship, and reminds us not a little of Becker's "Gallus" and "Charicles." This edition includes the entire work unabridged; and we should prefer it thus, rather than to have Howson's own abridgment. But why have not the publishers (E. B. Treat & Co., New York,) candidly informed the public that it is printed from Scribner's old plates of a dozen years ago? The book is not behind the times, and such an announcement ought to be its best recommendation. A thinner paper allows Scribner's two volumes to be compressed into a single bulky octavo.

—The *Year Book* of the Unitarian churches for 1869 (Am. Unit. Association, Boston) is not quite worthless, but very unsatisfactory. It gives alphabetical lists of pastors and societies, with the dates of ordination or organization; and that is all. Not even the total number of the ministers nor of the churches is given, much less the numbers in any one state or conference, nor the number of members of a single church or Sabbath-school.

—*The School for Critics*, by Laughton Osborn, (Miller, Broadway), is a heavy and coarse piece of satire, calculated to give far more pain to the author's friends than to his enemies.

—The *Atlantic Monthly* has some remarkable articles. One of them is a defense of Ritualism in England, by an English Ritualist, Arthur Pember. The writer justifies Ritualism on all grounds, legal, moral, and spiritual. He leans very much on the fact that the Ritualists in England have been specially active in works of education and charity—which is, indeed, wholly beyond dispute. But, do we understand him to claim the establishment of workingmen's clubs in London for the Ritualists? Surely, the acknowledged founder of these institutions is the Rev. Henry Solly, Unitarian minister. The whole article, however, is well worth a careful, thoughtful reading. "Our Postal Deficiencies," by E. H. Derby; and the "Birth of the Solar System," by Jas. D. Whelpley, are valuable essays. Of the lighter papers, "Love in Mount Lebanon," by J. W. de Forest, would be charming if it did not end (we presume it does end here) so abruptly and feebly. Eugene Benson's essay on Charles Baudelaire, the French poet, would be better if it were more simple and less extravagant in style. To our thinking, the finest poem Swinburne has yet written is his Farewell to Baudelaire, with its sad and solemn closing verse:

"For thee, oh! now a silent soul, my brother,
Take at my hands this garland, and farewell;
Thin is the leaf and chill the wintry smell
And chill the solemn earth, a fatal mother
With sadder than the Niobean womb
And in the hollow of her breasts a tomb.
Content thee, howsoe'er, whose days are done.
There lies not any troublous thing before,
Nor sight nor sound to war against thee more.
For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,
All waters as the shore!"

Mr. Benson does not allude to this poem, though its publication was probably the first thing that called the attention of many English and American readers to the fact that Baudelaire had lived. The writer of this notice was dining in Paris with some friends one day in the summer of 1867. The host, a French literary man, mentioned that he had been that day at Baudelaire's funeral. Only one of the English guests, some of whom were professional journalists, had ever heard of Baudelaire before. For ourselves, we think Mr. Benson greatly overrates the "Poet of the Malign," as he fantastically calls Baudelaire. Is not Mr. Higginson's "Malbone" rather feeble and conventional as regards its hero? We fear so. This second part seems very weakly. Mrs. Stowe has in this number a warm tribute to the memory of the late Duchess of Sutherland. "Proud Music of the Sea-Storm" is a poem by Walt Whitman, which we are rude and unartistic enough to admire, with all its roughness and extravagance.

—*Putnam's Magazine* opens with an excellent article—full of sense, and scholarship, and humor—on "The Ass in Life and Letters," by H. T. Tuckerman. "A New Œdipus" is a quaint, fantastic story, not without some art in it. "The Gallows in America," by Edmund C. Stedman, is a powerful, commanding appeal to civilization and Christianity against Old World barbarism. We do not care to dwell on slight mistakes in so able and useful a paper; but Mr. Stedman has somewhat marred a really fine passage in his essay by confounding Camille Desmoulins with Andre Chenier, in page 226. "Men's Rights," by Mrs. R. Harding Davis, is a study of a now very familiar subject from a new point of view, and certainly deserves to be attentively read even by those who do not agree with the authoress. But on one small point we want to ask a question of Mrs. Davis. She speaks of womanly modesty as if it were utterly gone in our days, because of the exposure which ball-room costume now allows. Will Mrs. Davis tell us whether she has ever seen a portrait of any of "our grandmothers" whose lost purity she deplores—a portrait in ball costume? Has she ever gone through a portrait-gallery of historical women? And, if so, can she tell us why she says the American women of our day are degenerating in the matter of feminine delicacy? For ourselves, we think this now common charge against our wives and sisters is wholly unfair; and that this best answered by a glance at the portrait of Jane Grey, or Lucy Hutchinson, or Arabella Stuart, or any other good woman of days before ours.

—The *Galaxy* is decidedly one of the most rising and influential of all our monthly periodicals. Next month it will have the opening part of Mr Reade's new story, the name of which is not yet announced. This month it continues Mrs. Edwards's novel, *Susan Fielding;* and we doubt whether among English novelists of the second rank Mrs. Edwards has any superior—we are not certain whether some day she may not even produce something worthy to hold a place in the first rank. "The Grammarless Tongue" is one of Richard Grant White's excellent articles. "Coffee and its Adulterations in New York," by John C. Draper, M.D., is a paper that ought to be read by everybody. Eugene Benson contributes a rather flashy article on "Parke Godwin, of the *Evening Post*"; and C. W. Elliott has a panegyric, eloquently and tenderly done, of Charlotte Cushman, under the title "One Woman's Work." Among the other contributions to the February *Galaxy* are "Lighthouses," by Edward Abbott, and "Queen Victoria and Her Subjects," by Justin McCarthy. The chapters on literature and those headed "Nebulæ" are always interesting, and are indeed a special feature of the *Galaxy*.

—*Lippincott's Magazine* continues Robert Dale Owen's novel, "Beyond the Breakers." We cannot yet make up our mind as to whether this is really going to be a story worth reading as a story or not. This number is full of stories, most all of them attractive. It has a charming poem, "My Chalet," by T. Buchanan Read. Of course, there are articles about women—their place, their rights, and their education; and that called "New Wine in Old Bottles," by Eunice Drayton, is sensible and vigorous as well as high-toned. There is a thoughtful and critical essay on Thackeray's works, which we read with interest and pleasure. We do not care for the "revelations" of Griscelli, the secret agent of Napoleon the Third. They do not reveal, thus far, anything worth knowing. Indeed, the revelations of spies, like the tattle of the servants'-hall, are seldom deserving of any serious attention. All that it really concerns the reader of history to know he can reach through purer sources. "A Philadelphia Magazine in 1775" is an amusing account of Philadelphia's early attempt at a social magazine.

—The *Catholic World* opens with a paper on Cardinal Ximenes, so ably written that we are only sorry the policy of persecution can find in our day so skillful and apparently sincere an apologist. "The Ignorance of the Middle Ages" is a spirited and a better merited defense of mediæval monasticism against the charge of hostility or indifference to education. There is great skill shown, too, in the attack made on the statisticians who sustain Buckle and his school in the general theory of Positivism. The *Catholic World*, indeed, may be read with interest and advantage even by those who, like ourselves, seldom are in harmony with any of its opinions. It is candid, able, and in the true sense suggestive. What more can one ask for in an adversary?

—We have received the January number of Dr. Guthrie's *Sunday Magazine*, an admirable publication, having contributions from some of the best hands at work in the literature of Great Britain. Quite as much may be said of Dr. Norman McLeod's *Good Words* and *Good Words for the Young*. The January number of the former begins a new story, "Noblesse Oblige," by Sarah Tytler, authoress of "Citoyenne Jacqueline," and one of the most charming and high-toned novelists in the English literature of the day.

—*Littell's Living Age*, Volume XI. of the Fourth Series, comprising the weekly numbers of the last three months of 1868, has just been issued by Littell & Gay, Boston. It contains the best selections from English reviews and magazines, and the lighter literature of the day, and is worthy of a place on the library-shelf by the side of its predecessors. The work has now entered upon its 100th volume.

—John B. Ford & Co., 164 Nassau st., publish weekly, in pamphlet form, on good paper and clear type, a sermon of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, reported by T. J. Ellinwood, who formerly did the same work for The Independent, and who is one of the most accomplished reporters in the country. Mr. Beecher gives notice that the sermons which appear in this periodical, under the title of "Plymouth Pulpit," are the only ones which go before the public with his consent. We are glad to learn that the sermons, which are too long for convenient publication in a crowded newspaper, are attaining a wide circulation in this better form. The report embraces the prayers that preceded or followed each sermon, with references to the Scripture lesson and the hymns; and the work is paged for binding in volumes. The price for a single sermon is 8 cents; for 52 (a year), $3.

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Farm and Garden.

BIRDS A BENEFIT TO FRUIT-GROWERS AND FARMERS.

At the Fruit-Growers' Club, Thursday, Jan. 21st, 1869, the above subject came up for discussion.

H. T. WILLIAMS.—A friend wrote me a few days ago, enclosing a little slip, as to the usefulness of little birds to the farming-community, and I will read it:

"Little birds are not sent into the world for nothing. Birds devour insects, worms, and grubs. Where there are no birds these multiply to a prodigious extent, and the crops suffer. In recent years the harvests of France have given an unusually poor return; and this deficiency was attributed to the ravages of insects which it is the function of certain birds to destroy. A commission appointed to inquire into the matter concluded that by no agency save that of little birds could the ravages of insects be kept down. It was found that a single tom-tit would eat two hundred thousand eggs of insects annually; and one swallow devoured about six hundred insects a day, eggs and all. The evidence was conclusive that one class was a match for the other, if the wholesale destruction of birds by huntsmen could be stopped. An excess of insect life results if the counterpoise is withdrawn."

In France, as many of you are aware, for a long series of years, the forests had been fully cut down and the country stripped of wood. The effect of this wholesale destruction was most marked. Insects increased, and became almost intolerable; the crops—almost all kinds of fruit, grain, or vegetables—suffered from the attacks of insects; and what the result would have been no one could foretell, if public attention had not been called to the necessity of replacing their forests and guarding those already standing, and encouraging the extensive dissemination of birds. In our own country we are beginning to experience this same difficulty; and yet, happily, public attention is taking hold and manifesting some appreciation.

W. S. CARPENTER.—I once visited a Shaker farm which contained a large share of woodland. It was a favorite resort for birds, and they found from experience that their presence on the farm produced very beneficial effects; their crops were freer from insect pests. It seems to be a practice with many reckless boys to destroy the birds, their nests, their eggs, simply for ammusement. I hardly need to say here it is highly reprehensible. It is a fact well known that, if we merely protect the birds from all harm, set some food for them, they will become accustomed to our presence, they will become attached to our place, and by their ceaseless search after insects in the ground, or on the trees, they will do good service.

CHAIRMAN.—I wish to say here that we desire all persons who read these reports to correspond with us and contribute any facts of horticultural interest, both on this topic or any other.

W. S. CARPENTER.—Insectivorous birds, it seems to me, are a very proper subject for discussion. Here is the crow. I call him one of my best friends; and yet to others he seems one of their greatest enemies. There was an old farmer once who said he could understand of what assistance all the different birds, or fowls, or animals might be to the human family; but he thought that the rats and the crows might well have been spared, as he never saw any earthly use they could be fit for. I obviate all objections against the crow by feeding him. Every time I plant a corn-field I distribute a half bushel or so and scatter it around the edge; but, it crows trouble me by pulling up the corn. I think that they destroy more insects than any other bird. In winter and in summer they are always searching after worms, grasshoppers, etc., and follow the furrows the plowman turns up. Farmers should consider them their friends.

A. S. FULLER.—I believe that I was the first one to start this crow question, several years ago; and I have had on my place no less than seven tame crows, and studied their habits very closely. The objection is often made that they *will* eat corn. Now I would quit a crow to it at an egg. If they could eat eggs, there are eggs enough in my neighborhood for all the crows of New Jersey; but I have never yet got one to touch them. And even if wild crows would do the same, why do they not pitch in and destroy them. They do so in my neighborhood. They would sooner starve than eat an egg. I am decidedly in favor of the crow.

WILLIAMS.—Prominent fruit-growers and horticulturists are continually telling of the good old times of twenty or more years ago, when forests were more plenty as well as fruit-trees not only thrived well and bore good crops, but were entirely free from insects. Now I think that the reason for their freedom from insects, instead of being due to the protection of the forests, was due directly to the birds. There was an abundance of them then; they delighted in the cool shade of the trees, and were continually flying in and out. There should be a greater effort by country families to encourage the birds; protect them, feed them, do not frighten them. In some of our squares the English sparrow has taken complete possession; and where once the trees were full of worms, disgustingly plenty, now we do not see a single one. I say, Take care of the birds, and keep away the hunters and the pimps.

D. B. BRUEN.—I feed my birds so constantly that they return every year to the old spot, as regularly as a clock. I take as good care of them as I do of my chickens. If they were only protected by other families they would be as tame as chickens. In Auburn, N. Y., I have seen the robins so plenty that they will hardly move off the walk for you; and other wild birds, if treated well, will become tame, and return yearly to the same nest. I think there ought to be positive laws against the destruction of any kind of bird, at any time of the year.

DR. HALLOCK.—Where can these English sparrows be obtained? It is worth while knowing, for some may need them. Every man or woman should assist in preserving their neighborhood free from all disturbance of the birds. On my place I find difficulty in keeping any kind of bird in winter, unless by feeding them. If we want English Sparrows, we must import them, I suppose.

ALFRED GREENLEAF.—My experience with birds has been quite interesting. When I was a little boy, I was told that, if I killed a swallow, the cow would give bloody milk; and, as I liked bread and milk, I believed it, and took good care to respect the belief. A little while ago, I was in England, and riding with a driver on the stage-coach, he snapped his whip within six inches of a crow, sitting on a fence. The queer old thing looked up at me without moving in the slightest, with a knowing look, as much as to say, "Gentlemen, I know you; *no you don't.*" And I say now, It won't do for gentlemen to kill them.

MRS. LYON.—There must be several degrees of crows; for on my place, and only at two hundred yards distant, they will break up turkey eggs, and tear out the young chicks. I think that some of us do not know what crows are.

DR. MILLER.—In Western New York I have seen crows take a row of corn one inch high, go through it, and leave it as clean as it never had been touched. Blackbirds I have seen do the same now; but, if crows or all wild birds are only fed, I think there will be little or no trouble. Robins may eat all the ripe cherries on the tree, yet they keep these and all other trees near them free from worms.

R. W. HOPPER.—I have killed more than fifty crows, and had their crops opened; and I never found a worm of any kind. I have lost more than half of my crop frequently from caterpillars, robins, and crows, and have had to build a house especially in my vineyard just to keep them off. The robin, as far as I can see, takes only their share of worms, and I consider him as much a friend to man as the birds.

J. D. WILLIAMSON.—In Jersey City the English sparrows have multiplied so as to be a great annoyance. They get into the eaves and gutters, and then they wake the people up too early in the morning by their chattering. I beg it a cage full of these birds once, and one of them had its leg broken. I took good care of them for a month, and then let them go. I put food out regularly for them, and every day they would return to the old place, always hovering around it, until they appeared as much at home as if kept confined.

MRS. HALLOCK.—There is a Dutchman near my place who makes a terrible time with his firing and fretting. He says they eat up all his grapes. Now, I have over 200 grape-vines; and I have watched things pretty closely, and I have not missed yet the produce from one single vine. The fact is that some people are short-sighted, and think only of immediate and not future gain. If we only feed the birds, they know they are loved and will always gather around us.

RURAL ITEMS.

WHEN you wish to procure young fruit-trees, says the *Rural American*, dig around the tree some eight or ten feet off, and at the end of the detached root up out of the ground, and it will send out shoots first season, and in a few years fruit of the same kind as the parent tree; and it will make just as good a tree as one that you would have to purchase of a nurseryman and pay two or three dollars for.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE editor, who has been keeping a record of big beets, announces at last that "the best that beat the best that beat the other best is now beaten by a beet that beats all the beets, whether the original beet, the beet that beat the beet, or the beet that beat the beet that beat the beet."

COMPARATIVE PRICES.—The *Wisconsin* publishes a table giving the comparative prices of what the farmer has to sell and buy, as compared with a year ago. Grain is lower, pork, butter, eggs, and wool higher than a year ago; while the prices of clothing, groceries, etc., show but little change. So that on the whole the balance is rather against the farmer.

ORCHARD SITES.—Those who are about forming new orchards should study well the location, remembering that an elevation of only a few feet often renders a location free from frost, and thus insures the crop of fruit. Again, it is not only that the hills are more exempt from frost than valleys, but that the increased temperature of the valleys in summer causes a more rapid and succulent growth, less capable of enduring uninjured the severity of winter.

CULTIVATE NO MORE LAND THAN YOU CAN CULTIVATE WELL.—A farmer had two daughters. One of them married, and received one-half of the paternal vineyard as her dowry. To the old man's surprise, the half he had reserved, receiving as much cultivation as he formerly bestowed upon the whole, yielded as much as it had done. The second married, and he gave her one-half of what he had left; and still had as many grapes from his remaining fourth as he used to get from *the whole*. There is a volume of practical knowledge in this little anecdote.

HOGS IN ORCHARDS.—The utility of keeping hogs in orchards for the purpose of devouring the fallen fruit, and thus destroying the grubs of the codling-moth, etc., is admitted by every fruit-grower; but it sometimes happens that this cannot be done, for in many places the orchards are kept under cultivation, crops of vegetables or cereals being raised in them. When an orchard is in grass, hogs can be kept in it. If the damaged fruit is not picked up immediately, it may as well be left on the ground until it decays, for the jar which it receives in falling warns the grub to quit its temporary habitation and conceal itself in the ground.

NEW ORCHARDS.—The high price of fruit and the facilities which now exist for shipping it to distant markets are inducing farmers to enlarge their orchards or to plant new ones. In the laying out of ground for new orchards attention should be given to the aspect and the nature of the soil. Thorough drainage should be secured. Some soils are situated on a gravelly or porous sub-soil; and, being thus naturally drained, do not require the application of artificial means. Sub-soiling is very beneficial in preparing land for fruit-trees, as it breaks up the hard-pan, deepens the soil, and permits the roots to descend to a suitable depth without coming in contact with stagnant water.

CARROTS.—Carrots possess not only fattening properties equal to oats, but secure to the horse in winter fine health, loose skin, and a glossy coat of hair. An acre of land which will produce seventy bushels of oats will produce five hundred bushels of carrots. When first given they are diuretic and laxative; but as the horse becomes accustomed to them these effects cease to be noticed. Horses fed on carrots, and some judicious farmers feed their horses with equal proportions of oats and carrots. From the healthful effects resulting from their regular but moderate use they would be advantageously purchased at the same price of oats, if they could be procured no cheaper.

PAPER FROM CORN FIBER.—The director of the Imperial Paper-making Establishment, at Vienna, Austria, claims that paper thus made is stronger than cotton or linen paper of the same weight; that in hardness and fineness of grain it exceeds the best hand-made English drawing paper; that it is more durable than any other paper, rendering it peculiarly valuable for documents, records, etc.; that it is unsurpassed for tracing paper, and can be made extremely transparent, and is especially adapted for photography; that it can be easily converted into the finest writing and printing paper, and almost as advantageously into superior stout wrapping paper. It readily receives any tint of color.

THE CAMPHOR-TREE.—An eminent botanist says this valuable tree can be as easily cultivated in the United States as elsewhere. It is quite as hardy in its habits as any of our apple-trees. There is no reason why it should not succeed well wherever the apple-tree will grow. It is indigenous to all parts of China, Japan, and Chinese Tartary; but it is found in the greatest abundance on the eastern coast of China, where it grows in dense forests, the trunks attaining a size equaling that of any of our North American forest-trees. The camphor gum of commerce does not in any case exude from the tree; but is obtained from the leaves, twigs, and smaller roots by distillation. The tree itself is so tenacious of life that to kill it is a semi-impossibility, and there would be no difficulty in introducing the plants here.

PROPAGATING CURRANTS.—This is usually in the Spring; but those who have tried propagating from cuttings at other seasons of the year have met with good success, and commend Fall instead of Spring for doing it. The reason given is that current wood can be turned into plant the year it is grown by setting any time from August to November.

The best way is to make a square, clean cut; make the ground mellow, that the rootlets may meet with no obstructions, and then push the dirt closely around the bottom of the cutting. The Fall is decidedly the best time to commence operations; because, in so doing, one gets a two years' growth in one. If it is very dry, some mulching will be required; but generally, at this season, the ground is warmer than the atmosphere, and ninety-eight per cent. of the sets will live.—*Ohio Farmer.*

FOWLS IN ORCHARDS.—The public has yet to learn the full advantage of keeping poultry. Few seem to appreciate what they may do among trees in an orchard. Let any one try them in an orchard of a quarter of an acre, where they may be kept by a picket-fence four or five feet high, putting in say 125 fowls, and observe the result. He will avoid the annoyance in the garden of which so many complain, while they will work among the trees, doing just what is needed, keeping the ground well cultivated and destroying everything that can injure the fruit-trees in the shape of bugs, worms, or other insects, and lay a large number of eggs, which are a cash article, to say nothing of the chickens, which pay well for raising at the present time. I have tried it, and know it is so. I have about one hundred fowls, which have worked admirably among my trees, keeping the ground in good condition, keeping off the insects, and promoting the growth of the orchard. I am satisfied that we have yet to learn the full benefits which may be derived from the proper management of fowls, and it is quite possible that the method I have suggested may offer the best way of getting our apple orchards into bearing condition again.—*Exchange.*

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Heretofore our children *would not sing*, but could we induce them to in any way till the musical portion of the teachers condescended to listen to me and *hear* the music from FRESH LAURELS. The result was, I was authorized to procure as many books as I thought necessary for the use of the school. I ordered one hundred (our school averages an attendance of 110), and sung from them the last Sabbath in December, 1868. Now our children sing willingly the beautiful pieces, and are each anxious to have a book to themselves; and I think we can afford to let them have them so, for they sing with more interest. Our little rehearsals are well attended, and the children ready to take hold and learn, for the music enters their souls, and they can't help singing.
You don't know how many thanks I receive for being so persistent in presenting the book to the notice of the teachers. I will not say more than to thank you again, and may God bless you for giving us FRESH LAURELS.
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The above is one from among hundreds of voluntary testimonials we have received from "Live Sunday-school Workers," all of whom have found, by practical experience, that "FRESH LAURELS" is the most attractive and best Sunday-school Music Book ever published.
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Financial & Commercial.

TAXATION IN CITIES.

THE amount of taxes collectible in a city is in the ratio of the per centage of taxation on the assessed valuation of its property. Hence, the larger the valuation the less may be the per centage in order to provide for the expenses of city government. This valuation, within a given area, is determined by the kind of structures and their use therein erected. A house, for example, costing five thousand dollars, as compared with one costing fifty thousand, may cover the same number of feet on the street; yet it will be worth only one-tenth as much for the purposes of city revenue. The Atlantic Dock Company, though occupying with its storehouses a mere fragment of the City of Brooklyn, nevertheless pays the one hundred and twentieth part of all the taxes of that city. Banks and other structures representing a large capital are of greater taxable value than common dwelling-houses of equal size. Such permanent improvements, as the product of private wealth, depend very largely upon the class of people that make up a city population; and, moreover, this question of population, both as to its quantity and kind, is governed by the attractions for residence and business which a city affords. The city that offers the greatest number of such attractions will not only rapidly increase in population, but also invite to itself the better class of people, to aid by their wealth in bearing its public burdens.

These plain and obvious principles in respect to the growth of cities, the valuation of property, and their consequent ability to pay taxes, show alike the necessity and the wisdom of a generous and liberal public policy in their local government. Those appliances, improvements, and attractions that naturally bring to a city the better sort of people also bring a proportionate amount of invested taxable wealth. Central Park, in New York, and Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, though involving a large outlay of money, are really measures of financial wisdom. Each city is actually richer with its park than it would be without it. The advance in the value of property by reason of these parks is greater than their cost; and, hence, the advance in taxable wealth will more than pay the interest on this cost. The truth is, any reasonable expenditure by the local authority that makes a city attractive and inviting to the right class of people is always good economy. Cities will always have paupers enough to take care of, and criminals enough to try and punish, and that too without affording any special inducements to these classes; but, if they want to secure costly structures, as the investments of private wealth, on which to levy taxes, they must, by the best class of improvements, address the practical argument to the men who have the wealth to invest. Nothing, in the long run, is more ruinous to a city than a niggardly public policy. Base its policy on the *pauper* theory, and it will be largely a city of paupers. Whether the predominant elements of its population be that of poverty or thrift makes a vast difference in the amount of property accessible to the tax-gatherer, and also the rate of expense necessary for public charity and the punishment of crime.

MORE PLANS FOR SPECIE PAYMENT.

IT is almost impossible to find two persons of the same mind in respect to currency questions, even among the most strenuous bullionists. No two members of Congress who have spoken on the subject harmonize in their opinions, and practical business men exhibit the same conflicting judgments. At the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, last week, held for the purpose of discussing the matter, four of our most distinguished merchants—men of intelligence, of great practical experience in business matters, and of sound judgment—offered plans widely different. Mr. A. A. Low, in a very able speech, advocated, with some modifications, the principles of Gen. Garfield's bill; but Mr. Opdyke differed widely from him; and Mr. E. S. Jaffray, Mr. Jonathan Sturgis, and Mr. S. B. Chittenden each had a plan of his own, though Mr. Chittenden partly approved of Mr. Low's plan. It is evident that, while such a confused state of opinion exists, it would be unwise and imprudent to adopt any theory. Let everybody be heard who has any opinions of his own to offer. In the meanwhile the country is getting along reasonably well; and no harm is likely to happen from letting well enough alone until something better can be done. But we insist that the gold in the Sub-Treasury shall at once be used in discounting the early maturing coupons. It is held for such use eventually; and why, in the name of common sense and common honesty, is it not *now* used?

THE MONEY MARKET.

THE bank statement of the past week was not quite so strong a one as that for the week previous. But three favorable statements in succession prove the very easy condition of the money market, as evinced in the lower rates of interest and the activity of speculation on the Stock Exchange as well as in general merchandise.

The ruling rate of interest during the week has been 7 per cent.; but a good many brokers have been supplied at 6, and loans were made on Saturday at 5 per cent. There was a slight flurry occasioned by reports of another attempt on the part of the Bear clique to lock up greenbacks, with a view to breaking the market; but at the close of the week the project was abandoned, if it had ever been seriously entertained, and the Bears appeared to be going over in a body to the Bulls. The market suddenly advanced along the whole line, and the most decided tendency to higher prices in every thing was manifested that has been experienced in a very long time. But nothing has yet gone up to the points which were predicted months ago.

New York Central took the lead of the advance; and, after selling up to 166½ and down to 163, started up again to 165½, though no decision had been rendered by Judge Ingraham on the preposterous application of a stockholder for an injunction to prevent the directors from paying him a dividend of 87 per cent. on the two hundred shares which he represented. The examination of the president of the road, proving conclusively that he had labored to increase the value of the stock, instead of doing his best to depreciate it, as had been the practice of his predecessors, gave increased confidence to its friends, the result of which was shown in the rise of its price.

Michigan Southern, which has labored under the depressing tactics of its managers, who have done their best to keep it down, rose rapidly to 93 ex-dividend, which is equal to 97.

Pacific Mail jumped up 3 per cent. under the expectation of a renewal of dividends.

Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne sold up to 123½, and Rock Island brought 133. But Rock Island is said to be booked for 140 within a month.

The St. Paul stocks, which were at first unfavorably influenced by the dividends, were again in favor, and brought 94½ for the preferred and 73½ for common.

The Northwest stocks improved, in spite of an evident desire on the part of the clique which have so long controlled them to depress them. Preferred sold at 88½ on Saturday, a rise of two per cent in a few hours, and common at 83.

Erie Railway is neglected at 38, and is not likely to be in favor again as a speculative stock until it passes into new hands. Unquestionably it is cheap at its present price, if there were any stability in its management.

Toledo and Wabash sold up to 64½, and Ohio and Mississippi suddenly sprung up from 34½ to 37. Cleveland and Toledo brought 107½.

The Border States stocks all improved a trifle, except North Carolina bonds, old, which fell off ½ per cent.

Government bonds were firm and in demand. Ten-40s selling at 108, and 5-20s of 1862 at 113½.

Gold was very strong, advancing to 136½, and closing for the week at 136½. The exports of gold for the week somewhat exceeded $1,100,000.

The following is the statement of the Assorted Banks for the past two weeks, from which it will be seen that there is an increase in legal-tender of $1,095,036, of deposits of $1,616,320, while the increase in loans is $2,616,788. The decrease in gold is $894,339:

	Jan. 16.	Jan. 23.
Loans	$262,238,931	$264,855,719
Specie	19,152,576	18,258,237
Circulation	34,229,153	34,275,946
Deposits	196,444,823	197,761,143
Legal-tenders	32,927,683	34,022,719

DRY GOODS.

THERE was less excitement last week among dry goods dealers than during the week before; prices remained firm, and a fair business was transacted, but the anxiety to purchase on the part of jobbers, and the indisposition to sell on the part of manufacturers of domestics, were considerably modified. But the price of the raw material keeps up, and the market is not overstocked with fabrics; while the heavy purchasers from the West are yet to make their appearance. The prospect for an early and an active Spring business is therefore very flattering. Some fears have been expressed that the South might be oversold, which would lead to a succeeding dull season. But there is very little cause for such an apprehension. The high price which the cotton crop of 1868 has produced puts the South in a better condition than it has been in for many years, while the people have yet hardly begun to supply themselves with the decencies of apparel which their changed condition renders necessary. The wants of the South, for a long while to come, are likely to exceed their means of supply; and in supplying these wants the dry goods trade is likely to enjoy the lion's share of profits. If our currency should not be diminished to conform with the pet theories of the specie maniacs, there will be cause to fear a diminution of the Southern demand for dry goods.

Prices of unbleached cottons are firmly maintained, notwithstanding a falling off in the activity of the market. Many of the large lots sold at the commencement of the season remain without change of hands, though they might be distributed at a handsome profit.

The activity in bleached goods is well maintained, and the demand for some of the best makes have caused a still further advance in prices. New York Mills bring 27½ cents, and Wamsuttas 25, with the usual trade discount.

Corset-jeans, apron-checks, and stripes and ticks sell more readily and at firmer prices.

Denims and cottonades are in steady demand. Prices firm.

The transactions in gray printing-cloths for the week have been on a restricted scale, the high prices of raw material checking operations. 9¼ cents is about the price of 64 standard quality.

The indications are favorable to a good business in prints. The stock in first hands is not large, and the new styles which have been introduced are very attractive and likely to secure the favor of buyers. Sprague's new fancies bring 14¼ cents, less the usual discount.

Ginghams are in good demand. Prices firm.

Printed lawns are not yet quite in season, but there is considerable demand for them. The new styles of the Pacific Company bring 16 cents.

Cambrics are in good demand and sell freely.

Rolled jaconets and silesias are in full supply, and in fair demand for the better qualities; but they have not risen in price in proportion to other kinds of cotton fabrics.

Muslin de laines are comparatively dull. The market is nearly over for dark effects, and the light Spring styles are not yet offered in full supply. But there is no quotable change in prices.

Woolens are comparatively quiet. But in cloths there is an improved demand; and prices are firmer, if not higher.

The supply of Spring cassimeres in the market is fuller than usual; and the assortment of styles is, probably, larger and of a better character than ever before. The low scale of prices has given considerable activity to the market. As the season advances the prices of these fabrics may be expected to rise.

There is a better demand for Kentucky jeans, but prices remain without material change.

There is an improved feeling in the market for imported goods, and indications of a fair Spring trade. The late arrivals have been larger; but there is nothing like an overstock, such as existed two years ago.

As an indication of the difference between the amount of goods sold in 1867 and 1868, it may be noted that the sales by auction of dry goods last year was about $4,000,000 less than in the year previous.

CALIFORNIA RAILROAD.

THE California Pacific Railroad forms the only direct connection between the city of Sacramento on the east and the city of Marysville on the north with the waters of the Bay of San Francisco, at Vallejo, Solano County, California. Its importance to the immense passenger and freight business destined to follow the completion of the great link between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and the through route to Oregon, will be readily observed by reference to any map of the State of California.

The entire line of railway built and to be built is one hundred and five miles—*i. e.*, sixty miles from Vallejo to Sacramento, and forty-five miles from Davis's Junction to Marysville. The road is now completed, we understand, from Vallejo to Sacramento in the most substantial manner—permanent, solid, and completely ballasted. The iron is of the best quality, and the road is fully equipped with first-class rolling-stock.

The traffic of this road, when entirely completed, will be enormous—the grain business alone amounting, it is believed, to some two hundred thousand tons.

On the whole line of this road the company has issued first-mortgage seven per cent. bonds amounting to $2,250,000—less than $22,000 per mile. The principal and interest is *payable in gold*, and the currency price of the bonds is fixed at par. We are assured that the monthly earnings on the sixty miles of road now finished and running are now nearly three times the monthly interest on the entire issue of bonds. Messrs. Turner Brothers, of this city, offer these bonds for sale, and we do not hesitate to recommend them as a first-rate investment.

OFFICE OF THE ROCKFORD, ROCK ISLAND AND ST. LOUIS RAILROAD COMPANY, 12 WALL STREET.

The COUPONS from the Bonds of this Company, maturing February 1st, proximo, will be paid on and after that date at this office, in United States GOLD COIN, *Free of Government Tax.*

H. H. BOODY, Treasurer.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14, 1869.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.

ASHES.—There has been a fair demand for Pots at full prices. Pearls are dull and nominal.

BREADSTUFFS.—State and Western Flour the past week has been in very good demand, but at variable and irregular prices. The low grades have advanced and have been in request both for export and consumption, closing firm with an upward tendency; but the medium and fancy grades have been dull, efforts at sale, and have declined. Canadian Flour remains dull and prices nominal. California Flour has declined, and has ruled dull and heavy. Southern Flour has been irregular; the low grades show no change, but the medium grades are lower and close heavy. Rye Flour has declined and has ruled dull and heavy. Corn Meal is more active, but at lower prices. Buckwheat Flour is lower. In Wheat there has been a fair degree of activity, but at irregular prices. Spring has fluctuated daily, influenced by the uncertain condition of exchange and freights, and the changeable foreign news, closing 1@3 per cent. better and active. Barley has been in fair demand, and with a steady reduction in our stock prices ruled firm; at close the tendency is upward. Barley Malt has been in fair demand at full prices, closing heavy. Rye Malt remained nominal and is lower, closing tame; sales at 45 cts. Rye has been comparatively dull; the receipts have been light, but the stock ample. Prices in the absence of sales of importance are nominal. Oats have been moderately active and prices have declined, closing heavy. Corn has been in more active demand; and with limited receipts and a decline in freights prices improved. At the close the market is dull and heavy.

BROOM CORN.—The demand has proved good, and the market is better. Sales of several tons at 14@15 cts. for Red, and 11@13 cts. for Green.

CANDLES are without change. The market generally ruled firm, and the business of the week has been to a fairer extent.

COAL.—The very fine weather we have had of late has greatly limited the consumption, and the market is overstocked and prices tend downward. Sales from Yard at $6 87 @ $7 25 per ton of 2,000 pounds. Foreign is more plenty and is dull and heavy.

COFFEE.—The general aggregate of sales of Rio is less than last week; but the jobbing trade still calls for a very fair amount of stock, and at close cholce Numbers are easily sold. Prices have advanced a trifle, closing firmly on comparatively moderate offerings. Java is rather forced for sale, and prices are naturally lower. Other styles quiet but steady for prime grades. We quote fair to good cargoes Rio in bond at 15½@16 cts., invoice do., duty paid, 19@18 cts., Java 21@23 cts., Maracaibo 16@18 cts., and Laguayra 14½@17¼ cts., all gold.

COTTON.—The demand has been less active, and the market in rather an unsettled condition during the past week; with the advantage, however, mostly in buyers' favor. The Liverpool market has responded to the upward turn with less freedom than heretofore. Speculators in many instances found it necessary to realize, and shippers took scarcely anything on the spot, and not much in transit, while the receipts at all ports were larger than had been anticipated upon previous rates during out stock. All these influences had a depressing effect; and, were it not for a very good inquiry from domestic spinners, a heavy decline would probably have resulted. Our supply has been slightly increased. Of the general receipts at the seaboard the excess over last week is now about 20,000 bales. Transit Cotton has sold mostly at 27½@27¾ cts. for Middling. For future delivery a number of contracts have been settled at about 28@28¼ cts. Middling. At the close the demand is moderate, and prices unsettled, at 28¾ for Middling Uplands to 29@29¼ for do. New Orleans and Texas.

FISH.—Dry Cod has been in fair demand; and, with a falling off in the receipts, prices have advanced, and close firm. Mackerel remains firm, and there has been a fair business. Other kinds of Fish are unchanged in value and in moderate demand.

FLAX.—The inquiry is fair and the market is firm. Sales at 14@22 cts., and small lots of Extra at 24 cts. per pound.

GUANO.—The demand for Peruvian has improved, and we note sales for the South in job lots at $55@$56 per ton, currency.

METALS.—The passage of the Tariff bill on Copper has caused the market for Ingot to be very active. Prices have advanced and close firm, with an upward tendency. Sheathing and Yellow Metal are firm and unchanged. Iron remains firm. Pig Lead, Solder, and Shot are unchanged. Pig Tin has advanced and has been quite active.

MOLASSES.—Foreign has shown a little more activity on distilling grades, and is firmly held as compared with the past two months, though the greatest advantage is still with the buyer, in view of the large stocks. Refining has been dull and a trifle weak, but closes steady. We quote distilling and refining Cuba at 25@ 26 cts., Grocery do., 28@ 48 cts.; English Island, Porto Rico, etc., 55@60 cts.; and New Orleans, 60@70 cts.

OIL CAKE.—The inquiry has been moderate and prices are less firm. Sales at $37 25@$37 50 per ton for Western Thin in bags. City is selling at $44@$45 per ton, gold, in barrels and bags, and $38 in bags, currency.

OILS.—All descriptions of Oils have advanced, and have been quite active.

PETROLEUM.—The market for both Crude and Refined on hand has been very excited the past week. Under a large speculative movement prices have advanced, and close firm.

PROVISIONS.—The general market has shown more life and entirely recovered from the depression of last week, with nearly all the leading styles of the Hog product selling at higher figures. The demand, as heretofore, has been in the main speculative, partly on fresh investment, though quite a number of maturing contracts have been provided for. The general jobbing trade has shown considerable activity, and prices generated only through sheer necessity, and took nothing beyond immediate wants. A few positive orders have sent shippers into the market, but the exports of any style of provisions except Beef will not greatly reduce our supplies for the present. A short Hog crop is fully insisted upon as positively a fact by operators for a rise; but at all the Western cities the receipts have lately been gradually increasing. At an advance of $1@$1 50 per bbl. Mess Pork has moved to a fair extent, both in wholesale and retail parcels; but what there any unusual excitement, buyers and sellers alike accepting the position as a matter of course. Most of the lighter cuts have sympathized, and our figures are advanced accordingly. Prime Mess has sold rather slowly and at irregular rates. The market at the close is buoyant and the demand active at $23 50@$23 75 for Old Mess, $20 50@$20 62½ for New Mess, $20 25@20 50 for Extra Prime, $20@$20 for Prime Mess, and $23@$23 for City do. For future delivery there has been considerable Mess sold at $ for either February, March, or April, however, at $20 50. Beef has been less active, but all choice grades are in small stock and hold very much firmer than heretofore. Quotations are: $12@$17 for Plain Mess, and $13@$19 for Extra Mess. Tierce Beef has sold very freely, and the demand has been active at last week's prices. Prices are strong at $22@$23 for Prime Mess, and $31@$35 for India Mess. Beef Hams steady, and not very active, selling in small lots to the stores. We quote at $30@$32 for Ordinary, and $34@ $35 for Choice. Cut Meats in the best demand, both from the trade and smokers, and prices are higher, closing firm at 16½@17 cts. for Pickled Hams, and 17@17¾ cts. for do. Shoulders. Bacon has been sparingly offered; and, with a better demand than for many weeks, prices show a decided improvement and much strength. We quote Cumberland at 15¾@15¾ cts., and Short Rib at 15¾@15¾ cts. Hogs have sold even higher than last week, closing slow at 14@14¼ cts. for Western, and 14¼@14¾ cts. for City. Lard has been in better demand on the spot, rarely to meet contracts, and prices have slowly but surely advanced on all grades. The close is fairly active and firmer at 19@19¼ cts. for No. 1.

RICE.—The demand has been fair, and prices have advanced, closing firm at 10@10¼ cts. for Carolina, and 9¼@9¾ cts. for Rangoon, gold.

SALTPETRE.—The demand has been fair, and prices have advanced, closing firm at 11½@12½ cts. for Crude, and 13½@13¾ cts. for Refined.

SEEDS.—The inquiry has been good for Clover Seed, and the market has improved. Sales at 14¼@15 cts. for New and 13¾@14¼ cts. for Old. Timothy Seed has been in fair demand, has improved, and is salable at $4 50 per bushel. Rough Flax Seed is salable at $2 60@$2 65 per bushel.

SUGARS.—The market for Raw Sugars has been entirely devoid of interest, refiners and grocers calling for only such small lots as necessity required. There was at no time any great pressure to realize; but the natural tendency of prices has been downward, and figures are reduced, closing only barely steady at 11@ 11¼ cts. for Fair to Good Refining, 11¾@11¾ cts. for do. Grocery, and 11¾ cts. for No. 12 Box Dutch Standard. Refined dull and easier at 13½@13¾ cts. for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed; 14¼@14¾ cts. for Soft White; 13¾@13¾cts. for Yellow; and 16 cts. for Extra "C."

WOOL.—There has been a moderate demand for Domestic Fleece. Manufacturers have operated with much caution. Prices are firm and well sustained.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUES DAY, JAN. 26, 1869.
[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	Last week.
Phemium	@	17 @17½
Extra	17¼@17¾	16 @16¾
First quality	16¾@17	14 @15¾
Second quality	14 @16	12 @13¾
Third quality	12½@13¾	9 @11½
Inferior	10 @11	— @10½
Average of all sales about	14½@14¾	— @14¼

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	$90@$100	$90@$100
Good	75@ 85	75@ 85
Fair	60@ 70	60@ 70
Inferior and Common	40@ 55	50@ 55

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra and Choice	13 @13¾	13 @13¾
Good	12 @12¾	12 @12¾
Common	11 @11¾	11 @11¾
Inferior	10 @10¾	10 @10¾

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra ..... per lb.	7 @ 8	6½@ 7½
Choice ..... "	8½@ 9	8 @ 8¾
Good ..... "	6½@ 8	6½@ 8
Fair ..... "	5½@ 6	5½@ 5¾
Common ..... "	5 @ 5¾	4½@ 5

SWINE.

	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed, prime to choice	11¾@11¾	14¼@14¾
Corn-fed, common to good	11¾@11¾	14 @14¾

GENERAL REMARKS.

Business in Beef Cattle during the early portion of the week was rather dull, and prices had a downward tendency on all grades, and to a more liberal supply and great cautiousness on the part of purchasers. Toward the close, however, a better demand prevailed; and, with a supply below last week, prices ruled firm and close firm. The receipts of Milch Cows have been moderate, but are in excess of the demand, and it is difficult for salesmen to find a trade. Veal Calves are in small supply, and are in demand and firm. Sheep and Lambs, early in the week, were more active and firmer; subsequently the market ruled comparatively steady. There has been an increase in the supply, and buyers are looking for the advance, and the market is a little unsettled at the close. Live Hogs have shown but little change, owing to the small amount on sale.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 25, 1869.

The following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Fabrics sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly memorandum, as will be found to be more complete and more perfectly than to any other newspaper in the city), is worth, to every city goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W	11½	Amoskeag	12½
Merrimack, D	14	Lawrence, L	11
Cocheco, L	13	Wamsutta	9½
Cocheco, W	13	Victory	12
Pacific	13	Waterman	12½
American	13	Arnold	12½
Dunnells	13	Hamilton	13
Allen	13	Baltimore	13
Manchester	13	Gloucester	13
Freemans	13	Mourning	13
Berlin	12½	Independence	12½
Nassau	11½	Oriental	12½

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	16	Hartford	18
Berkshire	13	Roanoke	12½
Caledonia	14	Glasgow	15

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	15½	Pocasset	15½
Lawrence, C	14	" F	12
" F	14	Pepperell, E	15
" G	13	" G	13
" M	11	" N	11
Pacific, Extra	16½	" O	13½
" H	14	" P	12½
" L	14	" Q	10½
Atlantic, A	16½	" R	9
" H	15	Boot, S	13½
" P	14	" O	13½
" D	11	" T	14
Appleton, A	16	Lonsdale	14
Superior, X	14½	" H	11
Shawmut, C	14½	Wilkinsonville	10
Shawmut, A. F	13½	Great Falls, J	15
Stark, A	16	" W	14
" E	14	" M	12½
Indian Head	13½	Lyman, E	14
" H	12½	" B	13
Exeter, A	14	Utica	14
" B	13	Tremont	14½
Medford	14	Rome Oriental	16½
Augusta	14	" B	15
" B	13	Great Falls, H	13
Gibson	14	" W	12
Pittsfield, A	14	" M	12½
Kennebec	14	" E	11
Everett, AA	14½	Cabot, A	14
Nonantum	14	" B	13
Bedford, R	11	Dwight, A	14
Conesto Co, E	9½	" B	13

BLEACHED MUSLINS.

New York Mills	27½	Dwight	18
Wamsutta	25½	Ballou & Son	15
"	23	"	13
Tuscarora	24½	Lonsdale	17½
Williamsville	23	Cambric	20
Bates	20	Hill	17½
Belle Horn	18	"	15
Forestdale	16½	Bartlett	16½
Indian River, X	12½	" 31-inch	18
" A	11½	" 36-inch	20
Attawaugan, XX	12½	James 36 in. Mills	16½
" X	11½	" 31-inch	14½
Masonville	14½	Great Falls, J	12½
Newmarket	14	" K	11½
Hope	14½	" L	10½
Langdon	14	" Q	16
" 6-inch	18	" R	14
" 4-inch	16	Red Bank	14½
Waureegan	14½	Waltham	14½
Pepperell	14½	" 6-inch	16
"	13½	" 4-inch	14½
"	12½	"	12½
"	10½	"	10½
Utica	12½	Franklin M'f'g Co	14½
"	11½	Bay Mills	10
"	10½	Putnam, A	14
"	9½	" B	12½
Boot, R	14	Green, G	14½
" B	11½	Androscoggin, A	17
" W	13½	" B	15
Androscoggin	14½	Whitesville	16½
Canoe	9½	"	13½

DENIMS.

Amoskeag	30	Otis Company, CC	26
York	29	" B	25
Blue Hill	25	" AA	27½
Northfield	25	Warren Brown	28
Oakland	29	Lewiston, Brown	28
Working Man's	25	Columbian	29
Union	17		

STRIPED SHIRTINGS.

Amoskeag	23	Whittenton, A	20
York	23½	" B	17
Uncasville	15½	Eagle	14
American	15½	Thorndike	20
Hamilton	23		
Everett	15		

TICKS.

York, 30 inch	28	Thorndike	17
York, 32-inch	32½	Methuen, AA	29
Amoskeag, A, C-4	24	Hamilton, Pamplar	20
" D	29	Willow Brook	29
" E	25	Everett	20
" D	23	" A Extra	25
" D	20	Hampden, CC	30
Conestoga 4-4	28	Pearl River	20
" Extra	25	Pittsfield	16½
South River	15		

CORSET JEANS.

Amoskeag	14½	Pengerell	15½
Lacoshe	13	"	13½
Nauhkeag Sattens	16	Indian Orchard	13½
New Market	15½	Everett	15

BROWN DRILLS.

Amoskeag	18	Appleton	18
Pengerell	18	Tremont	16½
Lacoshe	18	Androscoggin	15
Stark, A	18	Winthrop	15

DELAINES.

Pacific	21	Lowell	20
Hamilton	21	Sprague's	18
Mancuester	22½	Armure	22½

CANTON FLANNELS.

Hamilton	20	Ellerton T	17½
Lyman	18	"	15
Pemberton, C	20	Amoskeag	23
" A	25	Nashua	16½

REMOVAL.

J. R. TERRY has removed his business from 409 Broadway, and will in future be happy to see his old friends and customers at his new store,

NO. 19 UNION SQUARE,

where will always be found the most elegant variety of LADIES' FINE FURS, GENTS', BOYS', AND YOUTHS' HATS, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HATS AND CAPS, ETC., ETC.

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FORTY-EIGHT SIZES AND PATTERNS, BRICK AND PORTABLE, FOR COAL AND WOOD. ALSO, FIRE-PLACE AND PARLOR HEATERS; RANGES AND KITCHENERS; PARLOR, OFFICE, COOK, AND LAUNDRY STOVES.
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